

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—Under the direction of Col. Arthur Woods, appointed by President Hoover, the organization whose purpose it is to attack the unemployment problem began by making an appeal to governmental, State, municipal and industrial enterprises to supply as many jobs as possible to the idle. The response was immediately evident in the automobile and building industries. Col. Woods conferred in New York with leaders of industry and announced that \$450,000,000 in bond issues was to be voted on in the elections and would largely result in affording more employment. New York City took the lead in municipal relief in planning to house 3,000 and to feed 12,000 daily. It was said that there was no intention of calling Congress to legislate on the matter. One of the suggestions made by Col. Woods was a "clean-up campaign" in various parts of the country. At the same time, the President was told that the 220 Community Chests in various cities seeking \$55,000,000 would be inadequate. It was generally admitted that vast relief measures were needed for the coming winter in the whole country.

The last week of the electoral campaign was marked by feverish participation of Administration officials. Sec-

retary of State Stimson from Washington made a radio speech to the State of New York attacking the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt, and Secretary of War Hurley made a speech in New York itself, while Secretary Mellon made a nation-wide broadcast. The purpose of the first two speeches was said to be to head off presidential aspirations of Mr. Roosevelt. Meanwhile, ex-Governor Smith spoke at Providence, R. I., and in Boston, before enthusiastic crowds, attacking the record of the Administration in economic affairs. Reliable forecasts before the election did not concede Democratic control either in the House or in the Senate, but even Republicans granted there would be a large Democratic gain in both Houses.

The Administration finally took account of the charges made in the New York *World* and other papers by Ralph S. Kelley against the administration of the oil-shale reserves in Colorado. On October 26, Attorney-General Mitchell announced that after investigation "the Department of Justice found no merit or substance in the Kelley charges made against the Department of the Interior," but "that there was every evidence, under the present administration of Secretary Wilbur, that oil-shale lands of the United States have been fully, fairly, adequately and lawfully protected, conserved and administered." Mr. Kelley immediately charged that this report was a "ridiculous whitewash" and termed the investigation "hasty and superficial." He still insisted that the Department of the Interior had "improperly transferred immensely valuable Colorado oil lands to powerful private oil companies." On October 28, President Hoover himself in the course of his conference with the correspondents issued a long statement on the subject. He denounced the New York *World*, called the articles "an attempt to charge odious oil scandals to this Administration," and generally characterized the charges as reckless, baseless and infamous. On October 30, the New York *World* replied to this charge and returned to its repeated demands that an impartial body like the Senate Oil Lands Committee investigate Mr. Kelley's charges.

The Administration was seriously embarrassed by the sudden turn of events in Brazil whereby, only two days after its policy of embargo on arms to the rebels was announced, the rebels obtained complete control. There was fear of a race on the part of European nations to be the first to recognize the new Government. Washington, however, declared it would await signs of stability of the

Recognition
of Brazil

new regime before giving recognition. There was little doubt that Europe would await our action.

Brazil.—On October 24, through a dramatic coup of military and naval officers in Rio de Janeiro, the civil war came to a swift conclusion. While the revolutionary forces were gathering power, a military junta in Rio de Janeiro, headed by General Tasso Fragoso, General Menna Barreto and Dr. Miguel Couto, presented an ultimatum to President Washington Luiz demanding his resignation. President Luiz refused, through several hours, to admit defeat. The military junta, with the backing of Federal troops, prepared to attack the presidential residence. Cardinal Sebastiao Leme added his representations to those of the junta, and the President surrendered. He was taken to Fort Copacabana under arrest, as were the other members of his Cabinet. As soon as the news of his abdication was made public, the populace both in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo broke out into celebration which turned to rioting; several newspapers in both cities, that had espoused the Federal Government, were wrecked. Order was quickly restored by the junta, and a Provisional Government was established by Generals Fragoso and Barreto, and Admiral Isaias de Noronha. Under their direction, Provisional State Governments assumed control in the States that remained loyal, and the revolutionary leaders continued to function in the other States.

Following the collapse of the Luiz Government, Dr. Getulio Vargas, who had led the revolution in Rio Grande do Sul and was the defeated presidential candidate last March, claimed the presidency. He appealed to the Rio de Janeiro junta not to resist the revolution but to incorporate with it. As was reported later, the junta had worked with the knowledge and approval of the Southern insurgents; but the aims of the two groups were not identical. Dr. Vargas, contrary to expectations, delayed more than a week before he went to Rio de Janeiro; but his representative and aide, Osvaldo Aranha, proceeded to the capital and began conferences with the junta and with the other revolutionary leaders, prominent among whom was the leader of the Northern movement, Juarez Tavora. Dr. Vargas was accepted as the Provisional President, but the junta continued to carry on the Government until the new regime could begin to function. The revolutionary troops from the South proceeded peacefully towards the capital where they were to be held in reserve for the preservation of order.

An incident of the revolution in Rio de Janeiro with international complications was the firing on the Hamburg-American liner *Baden*, by the fortress Santa Clara.

No clearance papers had been issued to the *Baden*, but the captain claimed that he had private permission to leave the port. The fortress fired three blank charges as a warning to the vessel to return; these were interpreted by the captain as a salute to the success of the revolution. A high-explosive shell thereupon struck the ship, killing twenty-seven and injuring more than seventy. Protests

were made by the German Government and by Madrid, since most of the victims were Spanish emigrants on their way to Buenos Aires.—Great Britain was the first nation to signify its intention to recognize the successful revolutionary Government. The United States, which had placed an embargo on munitions to the rebels the day before the junta gained control, adopted a policy of caution in the matter of recognition.

Costa Rica.—On October 8, President Gonzales Viquez signed a law just passed by Congress which gave the Government absolute monopoly of the importation and the sale of narcotics and provided penalties for its infringement. Any physician or pharmacist found guilty of violating the law will be liable to one or two years' imprisonment, and perpetual prohibition from dispensing such drugs. Offenders cannot be released on bail. The importation and sale of narcotics will be controlled by a special board composed of a member of the Health Department, a member of the medical profession, and a licensed pharmacist, under the direction of the Ministry of Public Health. Thirty days after the promulgation of the law all stocks of narcotic drugs in the hands of physicians and pharmacists must be delivered to the Narcotics Control Board, and supplies can be had only by requisition from the board. A careful check will be kept on the requisitions and prescriptions of physicians. The law also provided for the detention and treatment of drug addicts.

Germany.—The Bruening Cabinet approved the budget for the fiscal year beginning April 1, 1931, which balanced at \$2,481,000,000. This figure was said to be \$270,000,000 less than the previous budget, which the Cabinet decreed in July with the aid of Article 48 of the Constitution. Of this difference \$75,000,000 was saved by curtailing the expenditures of the various ministries and \$100,000,000 was saved by cutting social-welfare disbursements and transfers to the Federal States and municipalities. Revenues were estimated at \$323,000,000 less, of which \$210,000,000 were accounted for by an expected decline in taxes on income, property, turnover, corporations, transportation, beer, and the spirit monopoly. The only taxes expected to yield an increased revenue were the tobacco tax and the bachelors' tax. The provision of the budget adhered closely to the principles set down in the fiscal-reform program. The Cabinet set an example by cutting their salaries by twenty per cent, which was followed by President von Hindenburg, who requested Finance Minister Dietrich to cut the presidential salary by twenty per cent beginning November 1.

Great Britain.—With all the traditional pageantry and symbolism, King George opened the second session of the Parliament under the present Labor Government on October 28. In the Speech from the Throne, His Majesty first declared hope for the successful completion of the Imperial Conference, then in session, and of the India

Luiz
Government
Collapses

New
Narcotic
Law

Vargas
Assumes
Presidency

Budget
Approved

International
Reactions

Parliament
Opened

Conference, to be held in mid-November. Following references to the friendly relations existing with foreign Governments and to the progress of the League of Nations' activities, he outlined the legislative proposals of the Ministry. These included legislative efforts for the relief of unemployment, and for the creation of a commission to inquire into the entire question of unemployment; measures in regard to raising the age for compulsory school attendance, to amending the laws relating to trade disputes and trade unions; also, a measure in regard to electoral reform. Both Conservatives and Liberals complained that the legislative program, as outlined, was for show purposes and that too many measures were crowded in to allow substantial progress in any one.

After the rejection by the MacDonald Ministry of the Dominion demands for tariff and preferences in the Imperial Conference, the Premiers, especially of Canada and Australia, urged a scheme for the establishment of a quota system for the British importation of wheat and other commodities. The Dominions sought a guaranteed market for wheat in Great Britain. Statistics showed that forty-seven per cent of the imported wheat came from the Dominions; this, it was stated, should be increased to fifty-five per cent, and a tax should be imposed on importations from other nations. The Dominion plans were not acceptable to the Government, and Prime Minister MacDonald stated plainly in Parliament that no additional tariffs on foreign wheat would be considered.

Italy.—The wedding of Princess Giovanna and King Boris III of Bulgaria was celebrated as Assisi, in the Basilica of St. Francis, on October 25, in the presence of the royal families and several hundred invited guests of the nobility and the entire Italian Cabinet. Contrary to previous rumors, Mass was not celebrated either before or after the ceremony. The record of the marriage in the civil register of Assisi was made by Premier Mussolini. After a wedding breakfast at a nearby villa, the bride and groom took train to Brindisi, where they embarked on Boris' yacht for Varna, a Bulgarian port on the Black Sea.

Premier Mussolini discussed Italy's foreign policies in a widely quoted speech at Rome on October 27. The occasion was the meeting of Fascist officials from all parts of the country on the day before the anniversary of the 1922 march to Rome. After referring to his speeches at Leghorn, Florence and Milan last May as intended "to tear the mask from the face of hypocritical Europe, which prates of peace at Geneva and prepares for war everywhere," he spoke of the campaign of anti-Fascist propaganda in foreign lands, which he described as the moral equivalent of war and the natural prelude thereto. Against this Italy must arm herself spiritually and materially, but only for defense. He favored voluntary revision of the treaties as an aid to peace, and branded as violators of the League Covenant those who sought to perpetuate two categories of nations, the armed and the defenseless.

Pacific expansion to the East and in the Danube countries, he said, must be a part of Italy's solution for crowded conditions at home. He prophesied the development of the Fascist idea abroad, leading to the growth of States "different from those which existed before 1789 or which have been formed since then."

Japan.—A serious revolt broke out in the Province of Taichu in Central Formosa on October 28. According to reports, 1,500 savages swept down upon the village of Musha and massacred eighty-six Japanese residents. Taking advantage of the absence of most of the Japanese community at an athletic meet, the aborigines attacked the local police station and captured arms and ammunition. They then descended upon the school where the meet was being held and massacred men, women and children. Troops were rushed to Cishari, the nearest railway point, ten miles from the scene of the revolt. Fears were expressed that other isolated settlements in the region of Musha had met the same fate, but definite information had to await effective military advance into the rebel districts.

Liberia.—The Liberian Government officially informed the League of Nations on October 23 that all the domestic slaves of the native tribes had been declared free. The Government also announced that it had abolished the system by which a tribesman pledged a member of his family as security for a loan, and had ended forced recruiting for foreign labor contracts. Liberia explained that its action was taken because of the report of the international inquiry commission, composed of Dr. Charles S. Johnson, of Fisk University, for the United States, Cuthbert Christy, of Great Britain, appointed by the League Council, and Sir Arthur Barclay, named by the President of Liberia.

Poland.—Arrests of Opposition leaders appeared to have been abandoned by the Government, although the round-up and arrest of Ukrainian Deputies continued. Unrest in East Galicia, characterized by sabotage and terrorism attributed to a secret Ukrainian military organization, reached such a stage that Archbishop Szeptycki, Greek Catholic Metropolitan of Ukrainian Churches, came to Warsaw by airplane from Lemberg to confer with the Polish Government on the situation in the Southeastern provinces. The Government organized a special police force to combat the secret Ukrainian military organization. But it was hoped that pastoral letters from the Metropolitan would greatly help the Government to overcome the disturbances. It was reported that Marshal Pilsudski was satisfied with the prison discipline exercised on the arrested Deputies and that he was also well pleased with the country's financial situation. The Marshal was convinced that this year's and next year's budgets will be balanced if only the country sends to the Sejm Deputies able to work efficiently on the budget. Three Mar-

Imperial
Conference

Royal
Wedding

Premier on
Foreign
Policies

Aborigines
Revolt

Slavery
Abolished

Ukrainian
Unrest

shals were slated to lead their "armies" in the coming Polish elections: military Marshal Joseph Pilsudski, leading the Government group; Sejm Marshal Ignacy Daszynski, Socialist, leading the Left Centre bloc, called the Union for the Defense of the People's Rights and Freedom, and former Marshal of the first Polish Sejm, Wojciech Trampeczynski, called the old Nationalist chief.—Messages received in private banking quarters disclosed that a New York banking group had completed arrangements with the Polish Minister of Finance for a \$3,000,000 loan.

Russia.—A manifesto issued on October 15 by the central committee of the Communist party, "the supreme authority in Soviet Russia," dealt with the labor situation. It provided for wide admission to

Labor and
Trade

the labor unions of various classes of persons; and, by a system of "transfer" from one form of industry to another provided for a virtual conscription of labor on an immense scale. Following measures already taken by France and Sweden, measures against Soviet "dumping" were published by the Belgian Government, as a result of a recent Cabinet decision, by which certain categories of goods coming from Russia cannot be imported or sent through Belgium without licenses from the Minister of Agriculture. This measure was said to have been taken at the instance of the Peasants' Union (*Boerenbond Belge*), which advocates a protectionist policy for Belgium. Twenty-two Russian ships were diverted from Antwerp to Rotterdam. In view of the fact that Russian trade was said to constitute not more than two per cent of the world's markets, and that 9,000,000 European workers were out of employment, the possibility was discussed in Paris of an international agreement being arrived at in view of what appeared to be a "war on capital" by Russian exporters. Switzerland was also contemplating anti-dumping measures.

Spain.—The visit of the French Minister of War, André Maginot, to Spain, and his expressed hope for friendly cooperation between France and Spain, "not

French
Minister
at Toledo

only in Morocco, but in Europe as well, where it can greatly help the cause of peace," was construed as pointing to a possible alliance that might break the Franco-Italian impasse on naval disarmament.—On landing in New York, Irwin Laughlin, Ambassador at Madrid, gave an interview to the press in which he described as "absurd and exaggerated" the reports of unrest and revolt in Spain, adding, "I do wish it could be understood here that conditions in Spain are quite satisfactory."—The rise in the peseta continued, influenced in part by reports of early parliamentary elections, and also by rumors that the Government was preparing to buy up foreign offerings of pesetas, utilizing credits abroad and exporting surplus gold for the purpose.

Reparations Question.—Although the possibility of a moratorium or suspension of debt payments had been

suggested by Dr. Hjalmer Schacht, former President of the German Reichsbank, in his talks before American audiences, there seemed to be little immediate likelihood of one

Moratorium
Rumors

being adopted. The Reichstag's Committee on Foreign Relations rejected, on October 29, five motions introduced by anti-Government parties, demanding a moratorium. Hence the Bruening Government was temporarily relieved of embarrassment, and could take what steps it saw fit. Strong opposition to any plan for suspension of debt payments developed in the French press, both Parisian and provincial, while complete ignorance of any such tendencies was professed at Washington.

Disarmament.—What Premier MacDonald of Great Britain called "the culmination of the second successful effort on naval disarmament" (the first being the Wash-

Treaty
Ratifications
Deposited

ington treaty of 1922), took place in the famous "Locarno Room" of the British Foreign Office in London, on October 27, when the ratifications of the London naval treaty were deposited. The ceremony was immediately followed by a world-wide radio broadcast of brief addresses by President Hoover, from Washington, Premier MacDonald, from London, and Foreign Minister Hamaguchi, from Tokyo, with ensuing translations into the various languages. 3,500,000 persons were said to have listened in Japan to Mr. Hoover. All three speakers praised the work of the treaty, while hope was expressed by Mr. Hoover that France and Italy should soon join the agreement. Hugh S. Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium and head of the American delegation to the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations, scheduled to convene November 6, was authorized by President Hoover to do anything he should think advisable in order to facilitate an accord between France and Italy. The question was debated in Paris as to whether France should ratify the agreement entered into by Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, with perhaps the aid of a safeguard clause. At the same time, the French continued to blame the Italian Fascist Council for making the French position impossible by their insistence on parity.

Recent student-leadership conventions seems to show that the rising generation is being prepared for great things. Next week, Raymond Corrigan, in "Apostolic Women of America," will tell part of the great story of the Frenchwomen who rivaled the missionaries and empire builders.

How many people know about the Racktenders Association? Lillian Clark, who last year wrote "She Tried to Sell One," recently had an interview with a Racktender in New York. The result will appear next week under the title "This Pamphlet and Racktending Business."

The rise of the chain store and the tumult attending its progress constitute a modern symptom. Next week H. G. Takkenberg will contribute the first of two articles on this subject.

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Marriage Gains on Divorce

THERE is some consolation in the fact that the divorce rate fell slightly in the year 1929. According to figures released by the Bureau of the Census, there was one divorce for every six marriages in 1928; last year, however, the proportion was one divorce for every six and one-tenth marriages. The rate seems to be stationary, but the Bureau, contenting itself with the figures, offers neither a reason for the stoppage, nor a forecast for the years to come.

It is interesting to observe the great variation between the States. South Carolina, as is well known, grants no divorces, and at the scandalous end of the scale is Nevada, with two and three-tenths marriages for every divorce. In general, the South reports a low percentage of divorce, while among the Northern States New York makes the best showing with about forty-nine marriages for every divorce. Here the comparatively small percentage is due to the fact that the State of New York recognizes but two causes for absolute divorce.

While these figures furnish no ground for the conclusion that divorce is on the wane, or is likely to decrease sharply in the near future, the conclusion that many of the States are awakening to the need of better regulations for the issuance of marriage licenses seems justified. California has recently required a notice of three days before the granting of a license, and laws which tend to prevent hasty marriage have been enacted in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas. This is a movement which is to be commended. It is true, certainly, that in so personal a matter as marriage, regulation by statute law cannot insure either the selection of a fit partner or a stable marriage. The older folks may know perfectly well that Edwin and Angelina are wholly unfitted for each other, but if these young people are determined to wed, all that their friends can do is to stand clear and to pray for a minimum of stormy weather. The law is even more impotent.

Provided that the applicants can comply with certain

requirements, not one of which implies a guarantee of domestic concord, the State must stand aside until such time as an application is made for separation or divorce. But with all this granted, there are many things which the State can and should do in the premises, and one of them is to enact legislation to prevent hasty and ill-considered marriages. Otherwise a high divorce rate, with all its unhappy consequences of broken homes and demoralized children, will continue.

Ultimately, of course, the only remedy lies in the proper training of the child. For the removal of the evil as it actually exists at present, little or nothing can be done, but by a policy of prevention very much can be done to insure lasting marriages and contented homes, the nurseries of the saints and sages of the future. As we have pointed out from time to time, it is most regrettable that some of our largest Protestant groups are still unable or unwilling to recognize the evil of this moral and social plague. When a religious body denounces divorce in general terms but, at the same time, admits the right of the State to grant divorce as of greater weight than the duty of the body in question to forbid it, the practice is stimulated rather than checked. By its effort to destroy the sacramental character of Christian marriage, the religious revolt of the sixteenth century let loose a flood of moral and social evils from which the world still suffers.

Inexcusable Depression

THE President's commission on unemployment is recommending various devices, ranging from "clean-up weeks" to the building of inter-State roads. In an emergency we cannot pick and choose, and on this principle some of the commission's activities may be excused. But up to the present moment, the commission has done nothing which justifies the hope that it will seriously attack the root causes of these continually recurring periods of unemployment.

Speaking at the conference on major industries in Chicago two weeks ago, President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin, said that the present "depression in business" with its consequence of widespread unemployment was "wholly inexcusable." We agree with Dr. Frank. In the United States we have great natural sources of wealth and a people which, on the whole, is intelligent and hardworking. There is no reason whatever, in the nature of things, why it should become necessary for the President to issue a proclamation calling attention to the fact that a number of our people must be protected against death from cold and hunger. The thing seems almost incredible. Yet, unless certain malign forces now at work in the social and economic fields can be checked, we shall become a serf nation that eats and starves as the masters will.

Commissions on unemployment may possibly provide emergency treatment, but no permanent cure, unless they boldly attack the agencies which make a more equitable distribution of wealth than we have at present, wholly impossible. As long as a few groups, numerically in-

considerable but almost omnipotent financially, can set the standards, we lie under a shadow of something far worse than what Dr. Frank styles "a continually recurring depression." Beyond the next depression lies open revolt engineered by radicals who in the sufferings of the workers find an opportunity made to their hand for the propagation of their destructive philosophy.

Father Michael O'Connor, S.J.

GENERALS, we are told, die in bed. There was a time when the leader charged at the head of his troops to meet, like Albert Sidney Johnson, a glorious death on the field of battle. Today, five miles back of the line, generals direct their forces with an insight hidden from the soldier in the field, it is said, by the smoke and glare of the guns. So runs the theory. It may be true. But around the soldier who asks his men to share no peril which he does not face, there is a glory that the world must not lose. Falling on the field with his face to the foe, a leader teaches that there are possessions infinitely more precious than life, and into a world that is worried about what it shall eat and how it shall be clothed, his willing sacrifice casts the glory of idealism achieved.

Michael J. O'Connor, hard-working, somewhat peppy, matter-of-fact priest of the Society of Jesus, did not die in his bed. Some men pass from this world after months of pain borne with fortitude, and go into eternity with words of heavenly wisdom on their lips. To envision a death like this for Michael J. O'Connor was, to those who knew him, quite impossible. By way of figure, he fell on the field of battle. Actually, he died at his desk with his pen in his hand.

No details of his death at St. Louis University, late in the afternoon of October 27, have reached us. But, knowing the man as we did, we feel that we can reconstruct the moments which immediately preceded. An intensely practical executive, who tried to hide an almost child-like piety under a mask of gruffness, he probably remarked to one of his associates that he was about to write an appeal for the missions. It would put their true state before our people; it would shock some out of their smugness, by stressing the fact that while missionaries were very holy men, they needed a little food now and then. Not fed by ravens, they would not be fed at all, unless the Faithful contributed their pennies and dimes. We do not know. But we do know that Michael J. O'Connor, procurator for certain Jesuit missions in India, British Honduras, and among the American Indians, sat at his desk, took up a pen, and died. What happier or holier death could any man pray for than to be found at his work?

The Editors of *AMERICA* remember him with gratitude as one of the pioneers who met in New York in the first months of 1909 to plan ways and means of founding this Review. Ordained in 1894, after philosophical and theological courses at Woodstock College, Maryland, and the University of Innsbruck, Austria. two more years were devoted to technical studies. In

1896, he was made Dean of St. Xavier College, now Xavier University, Cincinnati, and president of the institution in the spring of 1897. Three years later he went to Omaha as Dean of Creighton University, and in 1909 he came to New York. Serving as Associate Editor and, for a short time as Editor, he returned to his Province in 1914, where for a few years he was pastor of the College Church in St. Louis. Then he was made General Prefect of Studies for the Jesuit colleges of the Missouri Province, an occupation interrupted by his appointment as acting President of St. Louis University. Three years ago, the work of providing for the temporal needs of the foreign missions conducted by his Province was confided to him. In that work he died, after sixty-nine years of life, fifty-three of which he had passed in the Society of Jesus.

There the simple chronicle ends, but not the story of his influence. That will be told long after his name has been forgotten, in the Society which he edified, and in the lives of men and women to whom his words, and particularly his example, taught the things of God. Perhaps what appeals most forcibly to him who writes these lines, and who as a college student looked with a certain awe at the new Dean in 1896, is the fact that Michael J. O'Connor prayed hard and worked hard. He knew no eight-hour day or five-day week in either field. The measure of his zeal was "As much as I can."

While we beg the prayers of our readers for his soul, we envy the manner of his passing. As evening falls over the old city of St. Louis—and how lovely those evenings in October can be!—the tired heart fails, and God's messenger comes out of the shadows to take the pen from the weary fingers. What a glorious death! It heartens us to keep on living and to keep on working, that our end may be like his, and our place, with him, we humbly pray, in holy Sion.

Mæcnas Discouraged

FROM time to time this Review has indulged in visions of what might be, were it possible to found an institute for historical research. The institute under the direction, preferably, of one of our universities, would map out fields of research, support the workers properly until the research was finished, and then, drawing upon its endowments, publish the results. Under this plan, the student would eat quite regularly and enjoy the pleasure of reading his discoveries, for the institute would be his Mæcnas.

We still indulge in visions of that roseate hue, but at times, we wonder at the conduct of a few research workers who have found a Mæcnas. For Mæcnas is a word that implies gratitude; according to the books, the beneficiary is a person who as often as he thinks of his Mæcnas, at once celebrates an unofficial Thanksgiving Day. Horace, if a sieve-like memory serves, is a noble example in point. He never begrudged the cost of buying new strings for his lyre, plucked to perilous thinness by his custom of singing the praises of Mæcnas and of all his noble line.

But the styles change, and old customs perish. A few years ago a scholar undertook to embark upon a sea of research; into it he was the first, it seems, that ever burst. After many stormy voyages, he put into port, and began to examine the spoils; as a result, he was able to write a very creditable book. Then he began a second series of voyages, and his journeys took him—or his manuscript—into the offices of all our leading publishers. They fell into ecstasies over the pearls of wisdom with which the study was embossed, but recovering in time asked the scholar how much he was prepared to pay for its publication. Being a scholar, the author quite naturally had no money. He at once became as welcome as the well-known wolf at the door.

Finally his plight came to the notice of a learned society some of whose officials were Catholics. On their recommendation, the society rescued the manuscript, printed it, illustrated it, bound it, and sent fifty presentation copies to the author. The officials then sat back, prepared to avoid with becoming modesty the flood of thanks which, they felt, the author would immediately let loose in their general direction. But beggar as he was, the author, unlike Hamlet, was also poor in his thanks, and to this day the learned society has heard nothing from him.

Were this case unexampled, it might be passed over. But it is not. Is it merely a case of bad manners? Does it mean that any modern Mæcenæ must bare his bosom for the darts and arrows which bite sharper than the serpent's tooth?

We do not know. It is our prayer that a new Mæcenæ may arise on the memories of the old, and begin by endowing an institute for historical research. But we would offer a suggestion. After the example of the schools founded in old England in Catholic times, the institute might hold an annual convocation to bespeak its gratitude for friends and benefactors, living and dead.

Commercialized Football

IN a phrase borrowed from the World-War vocabulary, the report of the Carnegie Foundation on college athletics bids fair to be the year's most notable "dud." According to preliminary statements, the report was to fall on every college athletic field, and burst there with extraordinary force. The fall came in due time, but the shell has not burst. It is probably not far from the truth to say that the old disorders of which the report complained have been replaced by worse disorders.

Writing in the *New York Telegram*, a well-known sporting editor, Joe Williams, after stating his belief that "in the main the college game is clean and is conducted on a strictly ethical and amateur basis," adds an admission that nullifies his creed. "One of these days," he writes, "the colleges may be compelled, in self-defense, to adopt a program of open professionalism, openly arrived at." This admission is compelled by the fact that in many schools, both in the East and the West, it has already become clear that scouts are enrolling players, and paying them for their services with all the confidence, of, let us say, Mr. Joe McCarthy, the manager of one of New

York's professional baseball teams. In the *Chicago Tribune*, Arch Ward admits that "the colleges are washing their dirty linen a bit early this year." The charges of "professionalism" are backed by evidence which makes denial silly; with Mr. Williams, he advises that the matter be taken in hand by the American Federation of Labor, so that the wage scale may be equalized.

Each of these gentlemen may be writing with his tongue in his cheek, but granting this, their suggestions are good. The six college freshmen who went on a strike two weeks ago deserve our thanks for dragging this malodorous mess out into the open, where it can be recognized for what it is. These young gentlemen had been in receipt of board, lodging, and tuition, but when their claim to further recompense was denied by the athletic directors, they decided to plead at the bar of public opinion. Were their services worth more to dear old Backwash than the pittance doled out to them? But the public declined to be greatly concerned, and as the athletic directors stood firm, the young gentlemen withdrew from their studies.

There is no moral or ethical evil whatever in bringing young men to college to play football at a salary. But there is a world of harm in lying about the transaction, and we betray no confidence in stating that well-gear'd liars who can lie convincingly at the word of command are at a premium in this field. If we must have a football team, and if to have a football team we must pay for good players, then, in the words of Mr. Williams, let us adopt a program of open professionalism openly arrived at. We are willing enough to admit that the game can be made a means of ethical training, but not when players and coaches form a group that could be headed worthily only by the late and unlamented Ananias.

Novelty Charms

THE newspapers are carrying a paragraph which tells how a family in the Tyrol, in the course of a suit at law, was able to show that a farm had been in its possession since the year 910. The claim, it is related, was sustained by documentary evidence. Whether the story is true or merely well told, to hear it makes us Americans wistful.

It has been said that Shakespeare, were he to approach London by sailing up the Thames, would look upon a familiar sky line. Satisfied with a noble prospect, the British keep it unchanged. We in this new country follow a different policy, and allow nothing to grow old. A visitor to New York after an absence of ten years would walk in the streets of another city. The prospect might not be better. But it would be new.

Like the philosophers who heard St. Paul on the hill of Mars, we are ever eager for novelty, confounding it with improvement. Sainte Chapelle would not long remain untouched in New York. On its site we should erect a tower, 1,500 feet in height, filled with business offices returning a profit of twenty per cent on the investment. Beauty would be lost, but money would make ample and welcome recompense. Or would it?

Eucharistic Day in Pittsburgh

JEROME BLAKE

ON a lovely Sunday evening in October, Pittsburgh revealed a side of her character to make her critics gasp. For it was here that more than a hundred thousand Catholic men of the Pittsburgh diocese foregathered for a purpose incomprehensible to many non-Catholics: they came to bow their heads humbly in adoration of Christ the King in the Holy Sacrament of the altar, and to receive His blessing. Now that a month has passed by, we can attempt to appraise it.

The celebration was under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Diocesan Union of Holy Name Societies, with a Spiritual Director, the Rev. James M. Delaney, who is tireless in his efforts for its success for God.

Let us see how it was done. The executive committee's first meeting was held on August 28. From this and other subsequent meetings flowed the entire plan. The lay chairman of the executive committee, who, in common with his fellow members, prefers to remain unknown, was the mainspring of the whole movement. To his individual efforts may be attributed in large part the success, under God, of the whole undertaking. How shall we tell of the careful consideration of details by these Catholic gentlemen, of assignments and acceptances of tasks to daunt a Ulysses, of the Catholic spirit displayed here by these men of affairs? The public may not know their names; the public may know only what they did for the honor and glory of God. Men who are commonly supposed to be deaf to the call of Faith, who are popularly assumed to be engrossed in money-making, in this instance collectively "showed the world" that they were Catholic to the core.

Was there a question of expense for candles? The executive chairman quietly assumed this and many other burdens. The mammoth athletic field, scene of great World's Series baseball contests, who would bear its cost? A gentleman prominent in Pennsylvania politics calmly assumed the obligation—not for a day only but for a week, no less! Amplifier facilities—who would attend to these? A member of a prominent engineering firm shyly charges himself with the task, with the result that every word from the altar was clearly audible in the farthest reaches of the throng. And the altar of this cathedral-for-a-night, who would see to it? Its design was the work of a Catholic architect who achieved a reduced-scale replica of the stately altar which adorned Soldiers' Field in Chicago four years ago. Its forty-three feet of magnificence was reared under the expert direction of the president of a firm of builders famed for artistic achievements in church construction. Lighting needs? An electrical engineer of ability takes charge and lo! brilliant flood lights atop great poles magically appear to illuminate the vast arena. Ushers? A suave broker diffidently pledges himself to the work—and discharges the duty with what proves to be finished efficiency. But how are these great crowds to be guided and guarded to and from the great concourse? Eight hun-

dred police on special detail for that evening handle the problem with marvelous skill under the sure leadership of a Catholic chief—and thus the largest gathering that Pittsburgh ever saw was directed without a single traffic accident!

Transportation problems, questions of special rates on trains, on street cars and buses, of liaison between steam and electric lines, of adequate service at given points and stated times; all the worrisome minutiae that entails when interlocking common carrier systems are suddenly called upon to meet emergency conditions—these problems were most cleverly and neatly solved by several unobtrusive but completely adequate Catholic gentlemen of the railroad and railway transportation services. Publicity was the care of a little group under the highly efficient chairmanship of the editor of a Catholic weekly of Pittsburgh. Indeed, it was the chairman of this group who, almost single-handed, insured that the secular press was kept abreast of developments in the affair; a newspaper man of long experience and enjoying cordial relations with the city journals, he did yeoman service for the cause.

And now we consider a task huge in scope, one presenting aspects to make the stoutest heart quail: the task of drawing forth from the uttermost confines of the Diocese the men to make this great Act of Love. For although they are eager to share in the glorious service, these men must needs be apprised of ways and means, of the how, and when, and where. Moreover, data covering numbers must be gathered, classified and correlated for the information of the transportation and other interested committees. That this monumental task, directed by Father James Delaney, his fourteen regional assistant director-priests, and three astonishingly energetic lay aids, was well and faithfully performed, the inspiring event proved.

The service was scheduled to begin at seven o'clock that evening, but the eleven great entrances to the field had been thrown open at five; and when we approached at six, through Schenley Park, our car slowly advanced in one of many long chugging queues, past serried ranks of parked cars, past interminable rows of buses, past endless columns of men trudging through the velvet dusk of a glorious autumn day; across Forbes Street with its 200 special street cars parked in double string, and its silently swarming crowds of men; on past Fifth Avenue alive with men quietly moving toward the great steel and concrete structure, then back across Fifth Avenue, blocks from our first crossing, and so finally to parking space. Once afoot and actually part of this vast human river pouring into the open-air cathedral, one felt more acutely the tremendous magnitude of this act of public worship.

Inside the enclosure, and in a position to let the eye sweep the scene there presented, one's heart missed a beat and the throat contracted. Here the gorgeous altar under a golden dome supported by four majestic white columns, and surrounded on three sides by a broad platform—the

whole flooded with light—first riveted the attention. It was approached by a flight of eight heavily carpeted steps. The platform in turn was gained by three steps, and was spacious enough to accommodate the 460 priests, secular and Religious.

I still recall the masterly oratory of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Thomas O'Reilly, of Scranton; the polished phrases of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hugh C. Boyle addressing his beloved children; the solemn procession in which 2,400 altar and choir boys attired in cassock and surplice, 400 priests in vestments of white and gold, girdled monks and friars in somber black and brown, took part. Only a poet could hope to convey by the written word a sense of those massed thousands of worshipping men, men filling every available seat, crowding every aisle, overflowing presently onto the field itself there to range themselves decorously behind the cordon of trig police officers hemming 'round the altar and the route of the procession. The streets leading to Forbes Field are packed with still other men who, unable to gain entrance, yet follow the service aurally, by aid of the amplifiers; and, burning taper in hand, kneel in the streets to receive Benediction.

Who can do justice to this sublime manifestation of Catholic devotion? Who can hope to re-create on the dead white page a thrill like that experienced when the male choir of 800 voices sang "Veni Creator"—when the boy choir made vibrant the calm night with "Pange Lingua"—the reverberating roll of sound echoed from Pittsburgh's

hills when the devout thousands chorused "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo"—the solemn reception of the Holy Name pledge in the huge bowl of golden light where a hundred thousand candle flames softly glowed in the gentle breaths of warm air that caressed the multitude like a benison? And then, after the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, to feel the awesome hush, the prayerful silence, while the Sacred Host is carried from the altar to the waiting car, a car fitted like a shrine, which is honored by the Lord as Passenger on its maiden trip!

Thrilling it is to recall at this time that these tens of thousands of men, from every walk of life, had but that morning received their Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, and had, by fulfilling the usual conditions, gained the plenary indulgence especially granted by the Holy Father for this occasion. Surely, the blessing of Almighty God was on this host!

I feel that Eucharistic Day in Pittsburgh contains a meaning for American Catholics, a meaning of no less import than that contained in the National Eucharistic Congress of Omaha just closed. It is this: that, despite the palpable and widely deplored evidence of a coarsening materialism, companion of our industrialization, and sadly manifest in our country, we American Catholics may thank God that the lamp of our Faith continues to burn steadily, attended as it is by devoted souls—even in the citadel of industrialism—a striking proof of the adaptability of our Ancient Faith to changing times and conditions.

Good Christians

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

UNTIL last summer, the Y. W. C. A. meant nothing more to me than the feminine gender of Y. M. C. A., formed by turning the M upside down. And of the Y. M. C. A. I knew little beyond the fact that it had swimming pools in most of the large American cities. It was interesting, therefore, last August, on the Continent, in a crowded railway carriage (which on European trains are compartmental, and so make for easy conversation and acquaintanceship) to meet two Young Women Christian Associates returning to the United States after a five years' missionary sojourn in Japan.

We did not speak at once; English and American tourists never do, the former because they are soured with the superior airs of Anglicanism, the latter because we are tainted with the bad manners of Methodists. We went through the usual preliminary ritual of pretending to be disinterested in one another, of unnecessary clearings of one's throat, unnecessary windings of one's watch, unnecessary mistings and dryings of one's spectacles, and all the foolish frigidity of behavior that came to be regarded as "good form" when the Reformers ruined the natural comradeship of Christianity.

It was a very nice Polish gentleman, a Catholic, traveling in our compartment with his wife and family, who shamed us into conversation. After vainly trying to make friends with us by cordial little blinkings of his eyes, tiltings of his nose, churnings of his mouth, and shrug-

gings of his shoulders, his warm Catholic heart, eager to give and receive affection, drove him, as a last desperate effort, to open his lunch basket and offer us each, for pity's sake, a cheese sandwich.

It was cruel to refuse him, but we Americans did, the ladies for their own reasons, and I because my usual railway headache was with me, and was doing quite well, thank you, without any further caloric assistance. However, we tried to make it up to him with much gracious bowing and smiling, and I tried to tell him in gesticulated Polish that he was an awfully good sport, and I wasn't refusing because I feared the Poles bearing gifts, but only because I couldn't manage a cheese and a headache on the same journey.

After this episode the Y. W. C. A. and the R. C. Church felt we could exchange a word or two without violating the conventional canons of Christian conduct. Hitherto we had had nothing in common (except a language, a flag, an Unknown Soldier, a human nature, and an original father and mother). Now, by God's mercy, we had acquired something definitely in common, something that would warrant our turning Hem and Haw into Hello. Even Emily Post would forgive us now for speaking without being introduced. We had established a point of social contact. We had refused a cheese sandwich conjointly. (And incidentally they were the largest cheese sandwiches in point of cheese I have ever witnessed.

There was an absolute geometrical minimum of bread to them, just enough to give one a sanitary grip on the cheese. And the nice Polish gentleman, after taking a gigantic bite out of his, showed us, by a round smile and a luscious bulge on his cheek, that we didn't know what we were missing.)

It was not to be expected, although we chatted for three hours, that the Y. W. C. A. ladies should give me their names. And in a way I am rather glad they did not do so, as it will allow me to write about them with less embarrassment and more elbow-room. So whether they were Carrie and Cora, or Daphne and Dora, or Fifi and Flora, or some other selections from a feminine litany not usually associated with *ora pro nobis*, for purposes of this tale let X=Y. W. C. A.; let 2X=two ex-missionaries returning from Japan; and let 3X=three exiles in Europe, two members of the "Y," and one member of the "wily" Catholic priesthood, who became friends in a Continental railway compartment all over a cheese sandwich.

If there is any bitterness in these lines so far, and there seems to be, it is directed against a heresy, and not against these Young Women Christian Associates personally. Personally they won my regard and admiration much more than they will ever know. Indeed, this paper is intended to be a eulogy of their splendid goodness, a eulogy I feel will be all the more sincere because they will never read it or even dream of its existence. And when I salute them as "Good Christians" I do so in no spirit of irony. I do so with reverence and respect, and a little tinge of sadness.

I have never been privileged to meet young women more refined and gentle in their deportment, or more shining in their natural goodness. They were dressed with taste and simplicity. They wore plain felt hats that seemed to have come from the same bargain counter, and their flowered dresses, modest in pattern and proportions, had something of the charm of crinoline, the glory of gingham, and the homeliness of a kitchen kimono. Their complexions were innocent of all artifice. They were bedecked with the jewelry of the poor. Their voices were low and ladylike. One of them spoke with the bewitching drawl of Georgia, the other with the sprightly accent of Illinois. They seemed wonderfully healthy in an unathletic way. It was not the health of a gymnasium (that forced, inferior sort of health that destroys one's nicer sensibilities and turns one's brain into a bicep); it was the health of wind and sunshine, of boating and bathing and roaming in the fields, the health of a good appetite, a good conscience, and a good night's sleep.

Their books and their baggage all bespoke the temper of their character. Their books especially interested me. They were good books, clean books: travel, biography, ethnology, educational essays, interesting and wholesome reading for interesting and wholesome minds. Their talk about the countryside, the people, the customs, culture, art, cathedrals of Europe, was all intelligent and sympathetic, and full of nice observation and generous impulse. They spoke of their work in Japan with a likeable restraint. They were loathe to be called "mission-

aries" because the word seemed to smack of the heroic. They preferred to call their enterprise "welfare work," or "Y work," undertaken, they said, partly in a spirit of zeal, and partly in a spirit of adventure. There were times when I suspected them of possessing, at least in a few brief flashes, the sublime virtue of humility.

They were most delicate and resourceful in avoiding any issue with me on the subject of religion. Not that I tried even remotely to force any, but it requires a great deal of tact to talk in loose, watered terms about "Christianity" and "the Christianizing of the Pagan," etc., with a man who displays his religion in his clothes. But they managed it skilfully, and I evinced a real sympathy for them when they complained of the bad influences effected by American movies, American magazines, and even American tourists, in destroying in the minds of the native Japanese the ideals of Christian modesty and Christian social behavior which the Y workers were trying to instil. I assured them also that I was very proud of the fact that Christian ladies of their type were giving the better features of our civilization at least some representation in the Orient. This small show of tolerance on my part thawed our small talk and melted it nearly to the point of authentic friendship. They seemed suddenly to breathe more freely and to cherish the fact that I had not been despising them in secret. And anxious to be generous to me in return, one of them unbent so far as to remark, almost with warmth, almost with pride, almost without any trace of condescension: "You know I have a friend who is a Catholic nun. She is a Madame of the Sacred Heart."

I expect always to remember the little cold chill that ran down my spine at the mention of this name on her lips. In all my life I had never before heard a Protestant speak of "The Sacred Heart." In the present instance it was an incidental and official use of the term to be sure, but it was none the less unusual and astounding. It was as though I had seen Mr. Hoover bless himself; as though I had heard Lindbergh recite the Hail Mary; as though I had listened to the Salvation Army singing the Tantum Ergo.

With this shock for a start, I had only to close my eyes and allow all sorts of strange things to happen in my imagination. I began to picture how goodness could be transmuted into saintliness in the lives of these two young ladies who sat across the aisle, if only they could discern in their Messiah any traces of the real Sacred Heart.

If only their pleasant philosopher, their excellent citizen, their skilful mouther of sweet slogans, their other Abraham Lincoln, would flare for one moment into the Incarnate Word of God, alone and incomparable, who came to earth not to plague His people with platitudes but to stiffen them with a challenge and amaze them with a revelation, there might be some feeling in their souls for a Kingdom not of this world, there might be some message to bring from Jesus to the Japanese.

If only Christ should seem to talk to them with dogmas and not with drivel, if He should stop saying "I am your Big Brother, your Big Pal, your Big Friend, your Goody-goody What-you-may-call-me" and lapse into some great

and Godlike announcement like "Unless a man eateth My Body and drinketh My Blood he cannot have life in him," if He would speak more like Jehovah and less like Santa Claus, they, who had very nearly reached the limit of spiritual excellence allowed them in their faded pattern of Christianity, might, on a supernatural basis, slip into that lovely company of virgins for which by character, temperament and generosity they were so eminently fitted. They might reach out for God like a moth for a star. They might be seized with the Divine madness of trying to be perfect as their Heavenly Father is perfect.

Those flowered dresses would lengthen and darken. A girdle would bloom at their sides. Two white wimples would creep up and encircle their faces. And a long black veil would journey across their hair and drop in folds over their shoulders. They would walk soft-footed and to the tinkle of rosary beads. And on their breasts a little silver crucifix would swing. Paleness would make

its beautiful inroad in their faces and two soft tapers would light in their eyes. Poverty would be breathless surrender. Chastity would cease to be white and negative like snow, and would become white and consuming like flame. Obedience would dance in fetters and wrist to wrist with a Heavenly Bridegroom would sound the laughter of an espousal, duty would blossom into romance, and service would become silvery like love.

I dared not open my eyes. The picture was too lovely to spoil. And so when we came to their station and they were up and ready to depart, I pretended to be sleeping. It was a censurable insincerity, I know, even though I was not due to leave the train until another station. But anyhow, I am so very sure that my Good Christians will go safely to Heaven when they die (for God loves us for our efforts and forgives us our ignorances), if I shall have managed to get there myself, there will not have been any need for having said good-bye.

American Internationalism

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THERE never was a time when the advice, given by the retiring Ambassador to Mexico over the radio some weeks ago, to abandon condescension toward other countries, and especially the Latin American countries, was more opportune than it is at the present moment. Most of Latin America has been in turmoil within a few months and Mexico has been passing through a revolution that has lasted almost continuously since the deposition of Diaz as dictator. He at least gave the country peace and the opportunity for material prosperity. At no time since has there been any very encouraging prospect of continued peaceful conditions within the country until the years during which Mr. Morrow himself has been a favorable factor in the situation. Various Central American republics have during the past decade been the scene of rather serious revolutions calling even for intervention on the part of the United States Government.

There have been rumblings of discontent during this post-War period from a number of the South American republics, and rather serious friction between certain of the countries which seemed almost inevitably to threaten war. A climax in all this during the past year has produced among the English-speaking people on the American continent a very general feeling of impatience with, if not contempt for, these Latin Americans who are apparently not capable of self-government. A favorite expression is that the lack of education among them leaves them the ready prey of demagogues, the playthings of interested politicians, to such an extent as to prevent proper stability of authority. The result is that anything like government of the people and by the people and for the people has been impossible and only too often farcically tragic in its pretensions to democracy.

I once said to a dear old Spanish professor, one of the most scholarly men I ever knew, that the Latin Americans were altogether too backward in mental de-

velopment to be capable of self-government. I received my answer. He reminded me that there is a proverb in Spanish which many other nations have borrowed, as they have many other proverbs from the rich proverbial mines of the Spanish language, that "The pot must not call the kettle black." As an application of that he said that the United States people—he resented very much the use of the term *American* as comprising citizens of the greater North American republic only—seemed to forget that assassins killed three of their own Presidents in the last generation of the nineteenth century and that an ex-President, usually thought to be one of the greatest of their supreme executives, in the midst of a campaign for the Presidency had been shot at and seriously wounded and indeed had only escaped death by the best of good luck, when a large-caliber revolver bullet flattened itself on his ribs just above his heart. My Spanish American friend was rather inclined to think that there were not many republics in South America, if any, that could beat that record for president shooting. There is a score of these Latin American republics and we are prone to lump them altogether in political consideration of them. That makes conditions seem worse than they really are.

He suggested further that revolutions in the Latin American republics were scarcely more than political squabbles, though they called for the sensational headlines on the front pages of our newspapers. Election-day riots in the South, particularly during the reconstruction years after our Civil War, often caused as many deaths as a revolution in South America. On the other hand, my scholarly Spanish friend reminded me that in our country when its inhabitants had been brother fellow-citizens for nearly a hundred years we had staged a revolution that lasted four long years and cost the lives of ten times as many as had been killed in all the South American revolutions put together. We had continued

that revolution until one side was completely exhausted and during it we had bitterly defamed brother-Americans and used the vilest kind of propaganda in order to arouse hostile feelings among the soldiers so that they might carry on the war to the bitter end.

The old Spanish scholar's reflections are worthy of deep consideration, and the retiring Ambassador to Mexico has provided an excellent opportunity for that.

Mr. Morrow said over the radio, "If we could all get clearly into our minds that other men have as much pride in the dignity of their nations as we have in our own, the solution of international problems would be less difficult." He was glad to say that during the three years he and Mrs. Morrow had been in Mexico they had been very happy. He even went so far as to add:

As the time comes for us to say good-bye we feel how deeply we are going to miss Mexico. Those who have resided in Mexico for some time realize that the spell of the country enters into one's blood. This is partly because of the unexcelled climate but it is much more the charm of the oldest civilization in the Western Hemisphere.

This last expression will be surprising for a great many people, and yet Mr. and Mrs. Morrow are only re-echoing what a great many people who have lived in Mexico for several years have said. The more people actually know about Mexico, not by hearsay and presumption, but by actual experience, the less are they likely to make derogatory comparisons between our own country and those to the south of us. Professor Priestley, of the University of California, summed up the situation by saying that we English-speaking Americans are the subject of a "superiority complex." He further stated that this "superiority complex of the English-speaking peoples as above the Spanish-speaking nations, had its beginnings in the national jealousies which accompanied the Elizabethan tradition." Those who indulge in contempt and contumely for the Latin Americans are harking back to old worn-out, long-since-rejected historical notions that no historian worthy of the name takes seriously at the present time.

Professor Priestley was very emphatic in his praise of what had been done for the colonies by Spain. He declared that "for 300 years Spain was the chief agency in the transmission to America of European culture." He added that "her work in this field deserves warm praise for its breadth and permanency." After reading Professor Priestley's chapter on "The Refinements of Colonial Life" one is fairly forced to the conclusion that Spanish American education was far ahead of English American education down to the end of the colonial period. That is a confirmation of what Bourne of Yale said in his volume, "Spain in America," twenty years before Professor Priestley wrote his book on "The Mexican Nation." Bourne said: "The institutions of learning in Mexico founded during the *sixteenth* century, in number, range of studies and standard of attainment by the faculties, surpassed anything existing in English America until the *nineteenth* century."

We are prone to judge the Spanish American countries and above all Mexico as a low white civilization, but Mexico should be judged as a high Indian civiliza-

tion. More than half the Mexicans are pure Indians. Considerably more than half the remainder have a large proportion of Indian blood in them. Only a comparatively small number of the people of Mexico, apart from immigrants who have wandered in during recent generations, are of pure white blood, probably not more than ten per cent. We in the United States eliminated our Indian problem by wiping out the Indians. The awful blot on our so-called Anglo-Saxon civilization due to our inhuman treatment of the Indians is only exceeded by our even worse treatment of the black race. There were many more blacks introduced into Mexico than into the United States, but they have no Negro problem because the blacks have all been absorbed.

It is this mixed people who constitute the great mass of the population of Mexico. They have not the advantage of the long background of civilization for centuries that the whites enjoy and yet it is marvelous to see what they accomplished. They built very beautiful buildings, so that even at the beginning of the seventeenth century Champlain talks of the charm of Mexico City and declared that it was quite worthy to rank with European cities. Priestley tells us that "during the eighteenth century the number of artists grew until the total for the 300 years of Mexican colonial life reached 159 worthwhile painters. Some of these came to be known in Europe and achieved undisputed fame."

As a matter of fact, this mixed race was admirable in its achievements, artistic and intellectual, for, as Bourne has told us, they did excellent work in science and we have the books that are imposing proofs of this. It is easy to understand that further advance in civilization required firm and honest government. That has been extremely difficult to secure under the conditions. Bourne felt that it was a great misfortune that the Spanish colonies achieved their independence from the mother country when they did. Spain at least provided a stable government and it would have been a great blessing if the Spanish rule "could have lasted half a century longer." As it was, the Mexicans were not as yet ready for independence when it came, and they "weltered in domestic turmoil, arising out of the crash of the old regime."

Liberty and independence are precious words, but independence brought not freedom and opportunities for the pursuit of happiness but political disturbance to the Mexicans. One hears much of Mexico for the Mexicans, but that meant Mexico for whoever was in power—with his friends. It was as narrow and bitterly personal an expression as ever "America for the Americans," and our recent experience with the Klan shows what that may mean. For a hundred years, except for its dictators, Mexico had almost a president a year. It is easy to imagine what a state of anarchy we would have enjoyed in the United States if we had had to go through a similar experience.

There is every reason in the world for us to be sympathetic toward Mexico, and Ambassador Morrow has taken an ideal way of arousing that sympathy. Nearly a hundred years ago now we went to war with the Mexican republic, a thoroughly unjustified political war, more

so, if possible, than our war with Spain, and at the end of the war took away more than one-half of the territory of that *sister republic*. There is every reason in the world for us to be meek in our attitude toward Mexico, and that same meekness or lack of condescension

extended to the other Latin American countries would foster ever so much better relations between the republics of the American continent and make for a Monroe Doctrine that would be a real guarantee of peace and amity among the nations.

The End of the Plane Marquette

ANTHONY OLWELL

I SCANNED the headline: "Mission plane crashes, killing three." Stunned, I read what is history by now, the ill-fated end of the airplane Marquette with the death of its three occupants: Father Philip Delon, S.J., Superior of the Alaskan Missions; Father William Walsh, of the Mission of Kotzebue; Ralph Wien, noted Alaskan aviator.

Impossible, I thought; but no, there it stared at me in black and white. Only a few weeks ago Father Delon had been in our midst; enthusiastic, eyes sparkling, face in ripples, as he explained to us the working of the Diesel motor; told us the great work that the plane would do by linking up that vast frozen land in a network of airways, connecting one mission with another, so that it would be easy to track down the little brown man and bring him the light of Christ's Gospel. Why, it seemed like only yesterday when he had made his triumphant flight from New York to the Pacific, feted in every large city. He had told us then that the only reason he had made it so public was to "advertise" the Jesuit Missions of Alaska, to stimulate the zeal of the people—and now he had crowned it all.

I sat on the side of my bed and thought. A little wooden church frigid in its bareness stood before me. Eskimos with placid moon faces framed in fur "parkees" kneel before the altar. Their cold breath and the steam that arises from their damp clothes is the only incense in that infant Cathedral. All is silent. Some one sobs. A little bell tinkles. Father Delon utters the solemn words of Consecration. Mass is over; but the people stay. Mass for them is a luxury; they appreciate it. Father Walsh says his Mass. Attentive to every sign and motion of the priest, the people again await those solemn words that make Heaven stoop to earth; and unite with the priest and Christ in that solemn sacrifice.

A few hours later those same Eskimos watch their shepherds rise in their winged sled. Their eyes bulge like fat almonds as it lifts its cumbrous body off the icy field and wheels around above them. Terror-struck, they know that something has gone wrong—nobody will ever know what—and the machine comes hurtling to earth burying its nose into the frozen ground, instantly killing the three occupants. Tears fill their startled eyes.

Up in the Arctic Circle where the Northern Lights constantly play it must be like blotting out two of their most beautiful rays; rather, it must be like extinguishing the whole phenomenon. For these two men represented for these Eskimos the Catholic Church; take them out of their lives and you take the Church. They had brought the light of Christ's Gospel in the written word; they

radiated that light in their own actions. But now they are dead.

And all across Alaska tonight the word is carried on mysterious wings. Tomorrow morning there won't be a dry Eskimo eye. Father Delon rushed through the snow mile on mile seeking them out, living with them, instructing, baptizing, and marrying them. He shared with them all he had, and in return received from them a corner of their igloo on which to spread his sleeping bag, and, in the morning, he called down the God of Heaven and earth into their squalid dwellings. He chided them when they were wayward, and consoled them when they were downhearted. And it was he who parceled out his priests to them. It is true that he could not give as many as they would have liked; he had them not. But those he had—about seventeen, of whom some were too old—he scattered across the mammoth territory of Alaska; and they went along the snowy ways leaving behind them villages well-instructed and happy in the truth that makes men free.

It is night now at the little mission church of Kotzebue. The stars are glittering as only can Alaskan stars. Within a few candles are flickering, casting a sickly gleam on two wooden boxes. Beneath the swaying shadows of the sanctuary lamp the two men lie. Before them is the little altar on which they had offered the Holy Sacrifice this morning. Behind them and all around them strangled sobs fill the darkness.

The little Mission of Kotzebue is the last born of Father Delon's outposts. It is two hundred miles north of Nome, right in the Arctic Circle. Previously these Eskimos had petitioned for priests; in vain. Father Delon had none to send them. And only recently like a Christmas present from out of the blue a young, zealous, generous secular priest from the San Francisco diocese had offered his services in Alaska. It was scarcely predated. Father Delon received him with open arms and sent him among the Eskimos of Kotzebue. The people built him a church and flocked to hear the message of their redemption.

Father Walsh was several hundred soft, mushy miles away from the nearest fellow-priest. And it was precisely for such priests as these that Father Delon desired the airplane. His men were sprinkled all over that vast diocese. It was an impossible feat to visit them more than once a year. Now he would be able to visit them more frequently, encourage, console and advise them. But that is all past now. Tonight the young priest lies with his Superior before the altar of sacrifice. And out in the snow lies the wreckage of the great plane.

But Father Walsh and Father Delon will not be forgotten. The Eskimos are a very grateful people. They appreciate what their priests do for them. A few years ago, Father Charles O'Brien left Loyola College in Los Angeles to devote himself to the Eskimos. In less than a year's time he died from exposure incurred while bringing an old Eskimo woman the Last Sacraments; but not before he had endeared himself to the people by his generosity and unfailing good humor. According to the paper the little children from the Sisters' school at Akulurak sang his funeral; during it they mingled their sobs with the notes, and finally the singing died away before the wail that swept through the little church like the cry of the wind as it sweeps across the wasteland.

Father Walsh had given up prospects in a beautiful diocese to labor where white men seldom go. While life lasted he was indefatigable in his labors, submissive to his Superiors like a child, and affable with his confreres. The secular priesthood have a departed hero in such a stalwart man as Father William Walsh. His Jesuit collaborators, I am sure, will never forget him. His people will lay the unique tribute that no commonplace congregation can give of a wreath made from frozen tear drops upon his grave. And his parents tonight will have the consolation of knowing that the sacrifice of their son is complete. He gave not only his works; he gave himself.

Beside Father Walsh lies Father Delon. Successive scenes flash across my mind. First, I see a little peasant lad tending sheep on a hillside in France. It might be a picture of Patrick or Vincent de Paul; it is a picture of Philip Delon. Then in rapid succession I see a sixteen-year-old Jesuit Novice at De Smet in Idaho, endearing himself to all by his generosity and simplicity; a scholastic in his studies, outstanding for his sanctity and mental acumen; a professor of mathematics at Gonzaga University; a missionary in Alaska; and back to the unconsolable little congregation of Kotzebue.

Prayers rise around him; prayers that he had taught the people; prayers that only God could teach; prayers something like this:

"Dear God, they were our only hope. Before they came we wandered like lost. . . . Dear God, we know that you had your reasons for taking them. We also know that you won't leave us orphans. We know that from the blood of Father Walsh and Father Delon there will spring forth priests a hundred-fold to give to us Your Precious Blood."

And I couldn't help thinking of atheists who will point and say, "If there is a God, why did he allow this?"; of bigots who will say, "This work had evidently been of the devil"; and of indifferent Catholics who will groan when they think of the \$20,000 airplane, and ask, "Why this waste?" But I couldn't think of these for long. I went to sleep and dreamed of brimming-eyed Eskimos, and I even saw strong "sour-doughs" bow their heads while a rosary of tears trickled along their corrugated faces.

The next day it was my good fortune to take a walk with a professor—I won't say of what—in a college—I won't say where; his humility will be too much shocked as

it is. He is young and vivacious; and as we cut away through the trees leaving civilization behind us the same thought was uppermost in our minds.

"That was a shame, Father," I ventured.

"Yes," he knew what I meant. "In the eyes of an ordinary man it was a shame. In the eyes of God it isn't. By such consummated sacrifices graces are poured down upon the Mystical Body of Christ giving it renewed vigor and energy. After all, souls aren't saved so much by external labor as by grace; and grace is received in no better way than by sacrifice. It is the history of the Church from the time of her martyrs of the catacombs down to her martyrs of today—all martyrs of charity. And by such sacrifices is brought before the mind of men that there are some who are just as willing to die for Christ while saving souls as there are others to die for glory while making flying records." The young priest was very earnest. His eyes glistened as he spoke. But I thought to myself, how many people will understand this? But then he said something that everybody will understand. He murmured it nonchalantly, half to himself, as if it didn't amount to anything.

"Maybe I shall get a chance to go to Alaska now, myself."

I looked at him rather sharply. This man was a college professor; he was buried in books; and now he was thinking of burying himself in hardships among unlettered, uncouth Eskimos. But on a moment's reflection I couldn't be surprised; his whole life was one of self-sacrifice.

"Of course," he apologetically explained, "not that I can ever begin to take the place of these men who have died, or of even one of them; but I can do a little."

"Yes?"

"And it would be just what I would like. Nobody likes better to hike and knock around than I; and up there I shall get plenty of it. When I was younger I used to volunteer for things chronically; and was chronically ignored. But now somebody will have to go. Why not I? Guess I shall try again."

That made me do an extra amount of thinking. That night I knelt beside my bed and murmured, "Dear Lord, when you have such men as Father ——— you can give them a chance to be generous by removing your stalwarts; but dear Lord, are you sure that you did the right thing in smashing up the plane, too?"

CAPRI

Abode of olden Emperors, there lies
About you still a haunting royal pride!
All beauty-faceted, the gleam of skies
And sea mists you've impaled; stars, diamond-eyed,
Set like tiaras on your nights, soft moons
Spill phantom gold. Your shore no tide could mould
To dulling symmetry nor listless dunes
Through long-dust yesteryears, seems yet to hold
Footprints of some Tiberius drunk with wine!
So . . . futile songs the poets sing to you:
Art captures not, with brush and colors fine,
Your waters' fugitive and mystic blue,
The voiceless sounds that from your grottoes call—
Mere echoes these, of words dead lips let fall?

JO HARTMAN.

Education

Education and the Tin Merchant

JOHN WILTBYE

ONCE upon a time (it was really a great many years ago) a wealthy tin merchant of my acquaintance swore that he would put his boy through his college, if he had to lame him to do it. At this distance, I cannot say what led the merchant to register this oath. I remember him as a noisy individual, who always entered any company to the sound of trumpets and alarums, as though all his shelves were tumbling down at once; and I am fairly sure that he read nothing that could have poisoned his brains in favor of the so-called higher education.

But I am sorry to say that his hopes were blasted, for one night, still unmaimed and guiltless of even so much as two years at high school, the boy went forth to lie about his age and to join the navy. He was held up to us as a kind of dreadful example; but for all I know he may today be the prosperous head of a merchant fleet and of an interesting family.

I thought of this boy for the first time in years when a few days ago I read a newspaper account of an address given in Newark by the president of the Fidelity Union Trust Company of New Jersey, Mr. Uzal H. McCarter. If he has been correctly reported, this may at once be said of Mr. McCarter: He is a living proof that all the brave men did not die with Agamemnon. He has dared to suggest that high schools and other forms of "higher education" should not be provided for the multitude at the common expense! "I would have the fundamentals taught in grammar schools, and abandon high schools, leaving only as many as necessary for those who can afford to pay tuition."

Probably you gasp and rub your eyes, and wonder that sentiments of this sort can be uttered in the twentieth century, in this land of unequaled opportunity, and so on. But if you have dipped into the current of thought that flows from some educational centers, you will admit that Mr. McCarter has merely expressed in public what many taxpayers as well as teachers have said in private. When municipalities spend millions on a single high-school building (New York has one under construction at present which will cost \$7,500,000 by estimate, and probably more in fact) you begin to ask yourself questions.

Is it the duty of the community to furnish all this free?

Is any community justified in making these expenditures, so that boys and girls may be obliged under the compulsory education law to go to school, which they detest, instead of taking up a gainful occupation which appeals to them?

How much of this money is spent for the promotion of educational interests, and how much to stimulate the realty corporation controlled by the local political boss and his sons?

Briefly, when a community undertakes to force all boys and girls to go to school until the completion of their eighteenth year, is it not acting exactly like my tin merchant?

This craze for "universal education," as a fervent pedagogue recently dubbed it, is a phase of that emotional insanity which is continually babbling about democracy in education. Now in whatever respects all men may be equal, it is certainly true that some of the brethren were absent when the brains were apportioned. Perhaps they possess the average number of cubic centimeters, or more, but even when they can boast of quantity, some grade low in the scale of quality.

Learning, culture, the acquisition of an education, imply, I think, not only the desire to learn, but the ability to acquire, to digest, and to coordinate. There is hardly anything more pathetic than your yearning poet who for all his longing to sing of what he sees and feels, must remain as silent as any mute inglorious Milton, for want of power of expression. But what if he does not even desire to sing, or does not know what song is, and does not care to know? Transfer the figure from the poetic gift to any field of learning and culture, and the conditions are not changed. Our high schools today are crammed with boys and girls of whom some wish to learn but cannot, while others cannot learn however much they may apply themselves. Yet go to school they must; the compulsory education system sees to that; and the public at large pays the bill. For I used the term *free* only by way of saving appearances. Nothing is free, neither a school nor a clinic, when you and I must pay for it.

Yes, most of our communities are living the philosophy of the tin merchant. Our boys and girls do not run away to the navy. That is not necessary; the penalty of compulsory "education"—which by very force of the term is a grim joke—is mitigated. If the pupil cannot scale the higher walls of language, literature, mathematics, science, he may be induced or coaxed to leap over such low hurdles as brass beating, scene painting, hat making, working in leather, typewriting, all offered as means of developing the mind and forming the intellectual athlete. If this fails, then there is nothing for it, except new high schools for the youth who is so very exceptional that he is a moron.

Mr. McCarter may not have expressed himself in language that is grateful to the pedagogical ear. No man likes to be told that most of his wheat is chaff. Yet I am sure that the vast majority of our high-school teachers must feel that they are spending much of their time in trying to polish brick. I gather, not from formal papers read at annual conventions, but from those quiet talks during which teachers discuss their difficulties with an alarming frankness, that it is hopeless to ask the high school to "educate" as long as it is forced to receive boys and girls who, at least under all methods known at present, cannot be educated. It has always seemed to me that forced education and forced virtue are closely akin. The parallel is not perfect, I admit; but to compel a boy to go through high school, when it is fairly obvious that his real bent is for some trade, or even for manual labor, is an excellent means of forming a man who will be at once discontented and uneducated.

There is no reason whatever to think that Mr. McCarter's speech will close even one high school in Newark.

or anywhere else. Men who share his views are few and unorganized; his opponents are organized and numerous. Who is responsible for the concept that school heads are vague and absent-minded persons? They have built up so practical and so powerful a combination in this country that they consider themselves above criticism, and most of the voters agree with them. In point of cold fact, they have put the educational philosophy of the tin merchant on so firm a pedestal that nothing short of an unparalleled cataclysm can so much as shake it.

Meanwhile you and I pay the bill.

Sociology

The Failing Forties

PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

TED JONES across the street is a robust and brawny fellow. You would swear that he was only forty years of age. Yet, by actual count he is forty-eight. He is the happy father of a family, five healthy sons and two buxom daughters. Lotty is the eldest child and she has her eighteenth birthday today. She is growing rich on \$15.00 a week, which she earns as cashier in a chain store at the corner. Lotty is not a skilled worker by any means like her dad, but she is young and so is her pay. At the close of the business day she hands in her cash and if it doesn't tally with the record of sales kept at the counters she has to pay the deficit. But Lotty refuses to worry; she knows she is honest.

Poor Ted told me the other day that he is out of work. Nothing unusual these days. "Them machines done me up, all right," he added. "They calls 'em labor-saving, but they looks to me more like profit-saving. The boss says to me, 'Ted,' he says, 'you've been on the square with me for fifteen years. I'm sorry I have to let you go now but I'll give you another job soon'—and here I'm waitin' since March, and he ain't come across yet."

Poor Ted is not alone.

A time there was—and not so long ago, either—when a strong man of forty-eight was considered not far removed from his working prime. But those days are gone. The "dead line," as industrialists call it, has been slowly ebbing from fifty and fifty-five until now it is drawn at forty for the unskilled, and forty-five for the skilled, workers. After making a careful survey throughout the country among thousands of its members, the National Association of Manufacturers reported that thirty per cent of them admit refusing work to applicants who have passed a certain age limit. This age varies. In the case of skilled workers eighteen per cent of the companies put the age limit below forty-five; sixty-three per cent from forty-five to fifty years and nineteen per cent above fifty years. Many other firms, the report states, enforce an age limit, but they would not say what it is.

Dead at forty—what sarcasm!—dead industrially, and perhaps thirty more years to go biologically, and a family to support as he goes. The workman may apply for State aid in the form of an old-age pension if such a law exists in his State. But he shall have to wait about twenty-five

years until he is aged enough to qualify. For his State will grant no pension before the failing forties have grown to tottering sixty-fives or seventies. And what shall he do in the meantime? He shall have to draw on a rapidly shrivelling purse of meager savings from skimpy wages of years, or become a charity victim of private or public agencies. Perhaps too he might be supported by kind relatives or children if such there be and if they are willing or prepared to support him. Else, as a last resort, he shall have to beat an ignominious retreat to a poorhouse—an honest toiler in the front ranks and one who has generously contributed his mite to build up his country's greatness and prosperity.

For I see no avenue of employment open for a vast army—and army it is, and not a company—of men skilled in one line of work only and adapted to very little but that. A conservative estimate puts the total number of unemployed at 3,500,000. This is the age of mechanization in agriculture as well as in industry. In many cases speed and adjustment count, not experience and judgment. Youth wins out, and middle age is scrapped with all its skill and years of training and service. Middle age has a "tendency to slow up," the Employers' Association reported, and to be out of "physical condition," or to be "liable to accident costs," or finally to "raise the rates of group insurance," prevalent in some plants. Hence employers will not accept men of middle age. This condition prompted Secretary of Labor Davis to say that "we have a tendency among employers to drop good workers at an ever younger and younger age."

Ten years ago there were 41,614,248 wage earners in the continental United States. They constituted 39.4 per cent of the total population. How many we have today the census may disclose. How many of these have passed the dead line into the land of the discard it is impossible to say. Perhaps that too, the census will reveal. But we are hardly in error when we contend that the number is large and steadily increasing. For the span of life has been appreciably drawn out. Medical authorities tell us so and insurance companies say the same. Dr. Huebner, professor of insurance at the University of Pennsylvania, is quoted as stating that only "one man of ten at sixty-five has enough money to assure him an income of even fifty dollars a month and only one of three is healthy at thirty years dies before he is sixty." Sickness, accident, unemployment and old age are so many specters constantly staring into the workman's face. If he turns away from one he is bound to be frightened by another.

"But you won't impede the onward march of progress," said a friend to me the other day when our conversation turned on the great number of unemployed not mowed down, but created by machines. "No," I replied, "God forbid that I should be so rash; but pray tell what you precisely mean by 'progress' and the 'onward march.' Do machine inventions and human progress always march abreast? Can there be question of an 'onward march' in an army of inactive men?" Progress, Prosperity and the Public, it seems, are most skillfully juggled today in the press and on the platform. Now one is high in air and then another, whilst the political or social vaudeville

artist is performing before a spellbound but unthinking populace. But you can't convince the workman of progress and prosperity when his wages run out, and the lengthening shadows of advancing years begin to cast a gloom over his life which was once happy. He knows better. So do we.

But why this increasing quest for old-age pensions in our State legislatures? The simple answer is that never before has there been such premature old age in industrial society. Never before has society been so business mad and never has the middle-aged workman been so hounded by his employer because he does not "speed up." In old-age pension laws, we are far behind other countries, though we lead industrially. Germany, Great Britain, France, and other European countries, and five Canadian provinces have provided for their aged poor long ago. In the United States, Maryland, Montana, Nevada, Wisconsin, Colorado, California and New York have answered the call with some kind of law, and Wyoming is soon to follow. At a hearing in New York State last September of both sides of the question only one, according to report, of the fifteen statisticians, economists and representatives of social agencies expressed general disapproval of the measure. It is more economical, they contended. It is also more humane for the worn-out toiler to remain at home among his own kin than to be herded in an institution with all types of humanity and suffer the loss of self-respect.

But it is maintained that old-age pensions foster laziness, destroy self-reliance, and beget prodigality in the earlier years of life. Had the workman been more frugal, they say, he would not need any support now. Had he opened a bank account when his wages were running high, he would make no pitiful appeal for a pension when he is sixty-five years of age. It is Dives we hear speaking, or perhaps some greedy labor grinder. Wages never ran high in the life of a pensioner, but dividends did. That there are workers who belong to this group no one will deny. But careful investigation has not revealed that their number is large. Our industrial system and not personal guilt is responsible for the plight of the failing forties. For a workingman cannot put aside what he does not possess, nor is he wasteful when "reasonable and frugal comfort," as Leo XIII puts it, rules his daily life. Nor will the wage earner ever become a reckless spender because of a pension pittance of about thirty dollars a month lures him at a distance of thirty-four years. Even if Ted Jones and his class had a bank account of \$3,000.00, how many years would it carry his family without a constant source of additional income?

Insurance is the magic word of the day. We insure ourselves against accident, sickness, fire and property losses, and many other hazards of life. Labor insurance in its various forms is considered the panacea against the hazards of the laboring class. But compulsory labor insurance covers but a few classes of the employed and has met with great obstacles. It will not solve the old-age problem. It remains for our socially minded to have the courage and the perseverance to meet this situation. For it must be met, and speedily.

With Scrip and Staff

SOMEbody said to the Pilgrim not long ago that the question of supporting the missions, home or foreign, is more a matter of the heart than of the head. This is true in the sense that unless the heart is roused, all the intelligence in the world will never get people to make sacrifices. On the other hand, it takes the head to rouse the heart. The only effective way of insuring an interest in the missions that will really wear and not weary, is to appeal first to men's understanding. Nor is it enough merely for people to see the actual needs of the missions.

For some this is simple. Tell a "hard-luck story," and they are right there with their aid. Yet even these will persevere better, will use better judgment and work more systematically for a worthy cause, if they understand the *why* of the missions in general, and of this or that mission in particular. Why, for instance, should priests of talent, zeal, every kind of ability, be sent off to work among a few out-of-the-way souls, in some remote corner of the world, when they could be saving a thousand souls at home? Such a question was doubtless asked when Ignatius sent Xavier to distant India, at a time when all Europe was struggling with the hydra of heresy. It is asked in many cases today. The answer, however, must be taken from the very notion of the Church and her mission, which demands that the Church visible be fully established in every part of the world so that all peoples, regardless of who or where they are shall have the visible means of salvation.

ON university students, first and foremost, falls the task of studying and interpreting the missions. The success of many of the most flourishing Protestant missionary mission movements has come from the interest taken in them in the universities. The "Pax Romana," an international union of Catholic students with permanent headquarters at Fribourg in Switzerland, who celebrated their tenth congress on September 15 in Munich, has taken up the study of the missions as one of its principal works. The last congress, says the N. C. W. C. News Service, represented eighteen countries, twenty-five federations, and 60,000 students. The association has for nine years endeavored to promote fellowship between the Catholic college students of European countries, and is gradually expanding its field of activity so as to include the world. Its Fribourg office is a great central information bureau where students may obtain information regarding curricula, living conditions, religious surroundings, and other details regarding practically any college or university in foreign lands, and may be assured of personal contact on arrival. The association has established a permanent committee to interest Catholic students in the mission problem. The question is put by their chairman, Canon Charrière, in the following words:

It is plain enough that all the Faithful should take an interest in the different forms of missionary endeavor. But it is also plain that most people, the great mass of people, will be interested, amid these varied activities, in those things that they best understand, for instance in the building of chapels and orphanages, elementary schools, etc. It is hardly reasonable to expect the body of the

Faithful (there are, of course, some splendid exceptions) to be very enthusiastic for the higher institutions of learning which have as their purpose the forming of select groups of leaders in mission countries. If anyone, however, is naturally disposed to understand better than most people the need of training such leaders, it ought to be the college student. If Catholic students are not interested in the *students* of mission countries, who *will* be interested in them? The normal situation is that Catholic students should show the most practical interest in having such leaders trained. It is the normal situation that the *principal* efforts of students, from the missionary point of view, should be along those lines, just as it is entirely normal that the people should be occupied with things that concern it more directly. I feel, therefore, perfectly sure in saying that that which the missions expect above all and before all from Catholic students is an interest in students of mission countries.

This implies, amongst other things, a lively interest, on the part of Catholic students in Christian countries, in the students of other countries and races who are found in our own colleges and universities.

The program of the "Pax Romana" commission is given as follows:

1. To gather and publish all possible documents relative to student activity in different countries on behalf of the missions.
2. To spread information concerning colleges and universities in Europe and America where courses and lectures are given on the missions; to organize lectures, etc.
3. To take an active interest in students coming from mission countries to frequent our own institutions.
4. To interest Catholic students in university development in mission countries and to help support Catholic students in these countries: as in China, Japan, the Philippines, India, etc.
5. To provide the missions with physicians, engineers, colonial administrators; to act as an intermediary between the student body and the missions.
6. To collect all the published material of a general nature treating of Catholic missions; to publish works on mission theory, especially those which will be of interest to the students.
7. To make known the activity of non-Catholic students on behalf of the missions of their own denominations.
8. To organize international conventions of Catholic students for the missions, etc.

Of the above, the third, fourth and fifth seem to me particularly practical for our American Catholic students. As regards the seventh point in the program, we Americans have better opportunities for studying non-Catholic student activity for the missions than have the European students, since the greater part of such activity is found in this country.

DO the ladies come in on this? They certainly do. Said Charles Saldanha, a native Indian Jesuit scholastic, at Marygrove College, Detroit, on October 3: "The future of India rests on the American girl." Mr. Saldanha is a Brahman, of a family that have been Catholic since the days of St. Francis Xavier. He observed:

The seclusion of the women in India creates the greatest difficulty in a missionary work, since women do not talk to men outside of their household. Although the women are the slaves of their husbands, their opinion in household matters is very important. If the women of a house can be converted, her husband and other members of the family will follow her into the church of her choice. But only women can reach the women of India. That is why there is such a crying need for American Sisters in India.

During the past week or so two prominent university women of India have lectured before distinguished audi-

ences in the United States. Catholic girls, as well as Catholic boys, are seeking higher learning in mission countries. Their task, as well as their effectiveness in working among their own people at home, will be greatly aided if they can meet with intelligent sympathy and support from their fellow women students in this country.

OUR students, too, have a field in studying directly the religious, ethnological, social and economic, as well as the health problems, of mission countries, which are the more bound up with our own as the world grows smaller. If they can enlist the aid of native students therein, all the better.

A family budget in Shanghai, for instance, may throw some light on the economic problems the missionaries have to meet. The *Catholic Missions*, of the Foreign Missionary Society of Milan, quotes the following figures from the *Shanghai Commercial Press*:

A family of four persons, husband, wife and two children, earns \$27 a month in a cotton factory: the wife \$12, the husband \$15. Their monthly expenditures are as follows:

Rice	\$8.00
Vegetables	4.00
Fuel and kerosene	1.50
Condiments	1.50
Rent and taxes	2.00
Tobacco, etc.	1.00
Clothing	2.00
Various	1.00
Total	\$21.00

This leaves six dollars over for recreation, church expenditures, etc.

Another family is composed of husband and wife alone: he earns \$15 a month, while she is unoccupied. They run as follows:

Rice	\$5.00
Vegetables	4.00
Heat and Kerosene	1.50
Condiments	1.00
Rent and taxes	1.50
Clothing	1.00
Various	1.00
Total	\$15.00

This family expends precisely what it earns: no children, insufficient nourishment, and absolutely no margin for slight refreshments, as tobacco, or for future needs and emergencies.

ONLY today, Father George Byrne, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission in Hong Kong, speaking at Manhattanville, dwelt on the increasing part which institutions of higher learning play in the missions, and the need of encouraging native students. According to Father Byrne, however rapidly Ministers may succeed each other in the civil government, the education question is a foremost one with each ministry. An old civilization has been rudely disturbed. Opinions may differ about the work of Sun Yat Sen but his ideals are kept in the foreground and for the moment his *Three Principles* are to form the basis

of all constructive educational work. The National Educational Conference, opened at Nanking on May 15, 1928, makes this clear. The Three Principles are Nationalism, Democracy, Socialism—perhaps more correctly Social Justice. Nationalism aims at combining the cultural traditions of the past with the scientific and pragmatic tendency of the present. No easy task this, when one reflects that a mountain of conservatism separates the old plains from the restless rivers which water the new. Democracy is a puzzling concept in the West. Who will define the true meaning of its watchwords—liberty and equality—for the teeming masses of the East? The third aim, the realization of Social Justice as explained by the National Conference, should be to enlighten the people on the interdependence and harmony of economic interests of the various classes.

These questions are so bound up with vital issues in ethics, politics, religion that it is sufficient to mention them in order to understand the need of sound training for the students who are themselves to become the spokesmen or the educators of China along these lines. Where can a sound training come from if not from those who understand what is best in both East and West and who are willing to give themselves wholeheartedly to the work of harmonizing the two? Such has been the systematic aim of the Catholic missionary from the days when the scientific knowledge of a Ricci or an Adam Scholl won the favor and esteem of the Chinese, whilst their knowledge of the native literature gave them a place of honor amongst the litterateurs of the capital. THE PILGRIM.

THE PATTERN

("What are patterns for?"—Amy Lowell)

I

No random artist could have planned the sky;
Its luminous, white symmetry of stars,
Its bannered pageantry when dawn unbars
Her gates to let the new-crowned day go by;
Nor spun the gauze wing of the dragon-fly,
Fashioned the exquisite, frail filigree
Of snow-flakes, nor the delicate tracery
Of leaves—and yet, a poet questions why!
For loveliness is not a random thing;
God works in patterns as His thoughts devise,
That we, in spite of darkness cast between,
May through the motifs of His fashioning,
Catch some faint glimpse of beauty and surmise
The utter loveliness of things unseen.

II

God works in patterns. Varied as a scroll
Of ancient Gothic Scripture, the design
He traces delicately, line by line
Upon the parchment of our human soul:
Patterns of keen delight, of mirth and dole
And interwoven silence; leaf and vine
Of joy, with frail, gold tendrils that entwine
Around remembrance; for the perfect whole
Pattern of Perfect Christ whose love inwrought
With motif of our life makes luminous
Each line and curve of ours; whose Cross imprest
On all our pain, makes radiant our aught
Of peace. He plans and tints and fashions thus—
And souls most like His Plan are loveliest.

SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION.

Literature

We Prefer What We Know

FRANCIS TALBOT, S. J.

ON galley thirty-six of Franc-Nohain's forthcoming book, "Life's an Art," there occur a few sentences that confirmed, or at least conformed to, an observation that had been germinating in my mind for some weeks. "The best plays, the best novels, or at least those that please us best," he says, "are those that we should have created ourselves 'if we had been writers.'" A few lines later he states:

What assures the success of a book or play is having the reader declare, "How true that is!" That is supreme praise in the mouth of a reader or spectator—"How true that is!"—which means, "How exactly everything they show me here conforms to the idea I had already formed of it, to my vision, my experience, my imagination."

Apart from the fact that my choice of these sentences for quotation bears out Franc-Nohain's contention, that we are pleased by having a writer state as his own that which we have discovered for ourselves, and independently, the principle underlying the statement is one of significance in literature. The question is not that of realism versus romanticism, nor yet one of absolute truth or falsity; it is of reality and of relative, or rather subjective, truth. This principle deals with *recognition*, if one may be permitted an inadequate tag. Not the recognition of one character by another, as in Greek plays and detective yarns, but the recognizing by a reader as true, as real, as having already been observed, that which the author has written.

Few writers of fiction are safe people to associate with. For a writer has a standing temptation to treat the people that he knows as a cook handles the potatoes in a bushel bag. The potatoes are the cook's material; some he boils and some he mashes, some he turns into "hashed-brown" and some into a salad. So the author, with those unfortunates whom he meets or in whom he is interested. These characters are the material, in whole or in part, which is compounded into his story; for they, in their virtues or their sins, in their characters or their actions, are life and the world as he knows it, and the author can write only what he knows.

It is embarrassing for an author to realize that he is always held suspect by his friends and acquaintances. An indignant letter comes (and my quotation will arouse further indignation): "Did you deliberately or is it my imagination which makes out the....to be....?" The writer replies honestly: "I never thought of....in this character." Or again, when the author is calmly enjoying himself in utter forgetfulness of his abominable trade of writing and is just being a mere normal person among interesting friends, some one is sure to whisper: "Are you going to write about *this* party? You surely can gather a lot of material from it!"

In such crises, the author would be stung into declamation; but he knows that the stigma is on him, even though he vehemently asserts his innocence and convincingly declares that he would never be guilty of such imperti-

nence or such yellow journalism. A writer may change and twist his characters out of their real or complete characters, but who will deny that the germ of his acquaintances is not the germ of the people whom his brain creates?

Knowing the suspicions that rest on those of his craft, the fiction writer sometimes tries to ward off protest and libel suits by a forenote to the effect that none of the characters portrayed (or is the word betrayed?) in his book are real or are to be assumed to be actual persons. Authors rarely, if ever, use the real names of persons whom they choose for the characters in their stories. But they may fall into the misfortune of describing these real persons in too accurate a way, with incriminating detail, with too exact a measurement. The name of the person, then, is superfluous. The novelist has an awakening to the fact that he is in trouble through his unconscious, it may be, fidelity to truth. I think I should have stated previously that few people ever feel that they have been flattered by being re-created by a fiction writer.

The author, however, cannot be fairly blamed for his laudable effort to make his characters and his story true to human nature and to human action. He writes what he has seen, what he sees might inevitably be (granted the quality in his character), what he visions could possibly be. But if he is clever, if he is upright, if he has a conscience, he will not paint a portrait such as a painter would be proud of. Real people, actually existing people, remembered people, are the material of the painter and the writer; but the painter is most successful when his portrait reproduces a specific, clearly identified individual; and the writer is most successful when he produces an individual who is specific of a type rather than of a single person who may be identified. A painter must have his character pose before him until the last stroke of the brush is completed; a novelist needs but a single view, or a preliminary study of his model. And he may surpass the painter in the fidelity of his portrayal.

On the part of the reader, recognition of a character or a scene is high praise to an author, if the reader does not know the author or his characters personally. It is different if the reader happens to know the author and the author's little world. Then the reader is curious out of pure curiosity; he checks up on James in the novel, in order to discover how closely James approximates John, the character in real life; he fits what he knows on that which the author reveals; he speculates on the incident which is credited to the half-fictitious James but that really happened to Joe; he notes discrepancies and exaggerations; and reads to erect bridges between fact and fiction. Reading the novel of an author whom one knows is an occupation that may be keenly amusing or may cause dismay. At the very least, it is decidedly interesting.

But when the reader has never met the author, knows nothing of the author's friends or acquaintances, has not the slightest suspicion as to the identity of the characters in the books, but nevertheless finds that his own friends, whom the author has never met and of whom he has never heard, have been mercifully or devastatingly

portrayed, then he pays the supreme praise mentioned by Franc-Nohain in exclaiming: "How true that is!" We are thrilled by a book when we can say of a character: "That's *me*" (ungrammatically, in our excitement), or: "That's Mamie, drawn to the life," or: "I couldn't describe Oscar better if I tried." We love to see ourselves as we would like to be, or others as we think they are, in a story or a novel. For then there is recognition, and that is a supreme achievement for a writer to effect. Through it, the author begets the confidence of his reader; through it, he establishes kinship and identity of observation.

When the author writes of people and of things that are recognizable, either as actual or as possible, by the reader, he interests and pleases the reader considerably. If the reader happens to know Westchester Suburbia intimately, he is most desirous of reading novels about the life there. If the reader is one of the inner circle of Virginia Society, he would always prefer a novel on that—shall it be called aristocracy? If the reader is a poor working girl, she would most enjoy stories of Cinderella, especially after the little drudge got her new shoes. We like to read what we know or have experienced or have imagined might happen to us. It is not true that we like romance or romanticism, unless it is strongly linked up with reality and realism.

A great part of the success of "Street Scene" was due to the perfect reproduction of a typical, easily identified scene on a street in New York; that helped more to success than the author's plot. But the plot could raise turmoil unbounded in a soul, if the spectator remembered back to a parallel incident in his own life. A little-town man has a peculiar delight in tracing out the streets and houses and landmarks specified by a writer in his novel. The naming of his Town Hall or of his country church throws him into a whirl of excitement. He discovers them in the black print of a book or a magazine, and he looks at them, in their drab actuality, with new reverence. City dwellers are not immune, though they have less local pride; a New Yorker prefers a setting for a story on Riverside Drive rather than on the Lake Shore Drive of Chicago. And one who vacations at Atlantic City prefers the Atlantic Ocean to be dragged into a story there rather than at Miami or West Palm Beach. A landscape that we have once actually gazed upon means far more to us in a book than one which may or may not exist, as far as our personal observation extends.

We prefer to read about what we have seen and experienced, and we prefer to see and experience that about which we have read. That is the reason why we make pilgrimages to the Scott country, or to Dickens' haunts, or seek out the Old Manse of Hawthorne, or preserve the Old Inn of Longfellow.

Thus, since readers enjoy reading about that which they know, so writers are most successful when they follow the principle of writing about that which their probable readers know best. Recognition is a precept that might be better recognized by ambitious young writers and their college professors.

REVIEWS

Catholic Sex Morality. By DR. RUDOLPH GEIS, S.T.D. Translated by Charles Bruehl, Ph.D., New York: J. H. Wagner. \$1.25.

Doctor Bruehl has done a distinct service in turning into English a book which sanely and strongly packs much into small space. The purpose of the author is "to construct the underpinning of the edifice of Catholic sex morality, leaving detailed application to fuller and more specialized treatises." This he has done in a clear, convincing way. The book, though brief, is comprehensive, for "sex ethics consists in the subordination of the sexual sphere to the totality of life with its manifold interests and responsibilities." There are fine passages in the book, but probably none finer than in the section wherein birth control is touched on. While writing sympathetically of the very real difficulties, especially the economic ones, facing child-bearing couples, he says splendidly (pp. 92-93): "They must choose between immorality or moral heroism....Christianity has never been a religion of escape....The consistent Christian must be of the stuff of which martyrs are made....Every age demands martyrdom of some kind; the first ages of Christianity called for martyrs who were willing to suffer for the sake of the Faith; our age calls for martyrs who are willing to suffer for the sake of morality." If, after the initial cost is defrayed, the publishers are able to issue a cheap paper-bound edition, this will be a boon to students in ethics and sociology classes.

F. P. LeB.

Laborers in the Vineyard. By GIOVANNI PAPINI. Translated by Alice Curtayne. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.00.

It would be easy to show, I think, that Giovanni Papini is one of the wisest writers in our present world of letters. Both in the outer world of human experience and in the inner world of thought and feeling he has been, in his range, almost unrivalled. He began life as an intellectual and artistic rebel. At fifteen he was deliriously sophisticated. "I would have exchanged," he tells us, "all the lyrics of Italy for Arthur Schopenhauer's 'The World as Will and Idea.'" He was not merely lyrical in verse, but he actually lived in an attic and went through all the litany of Bohemian antics that we associate with a budding literary genius. What is more he budded into genius. He became not merely a brilliant critic, but a part of Italian literature. He was also a philosopher. In the heyday of Pragmatism he ranked internationally with our own William James. His name is in all the Histories of Philosophy. But something happened. Just when he had become an idol in the eyes of the world, he became a fool in his own. Grace touched his soul, and he embraced the grace. He still remained a profound philosopher and an immensely erudite critic and a writer of marvelous prose. But the grace of God had made him a Catholic. I put it thus bluntly and in a way intelligible to the supernaturally minded, because to mince matters in regard to Papini's conversion would seem to himself disgusting and cowardly. Besides practically the whole of this book is about supernatural conversions, and Papini would defy anyone to camouflage these supernatural happenings with the nauseating naturalism of superficial critics. He writes like a man who knows. On every page he seems to be saying: "I have been through all that." So he writes about Petrarch, the slave of pride and sensuality, whose last tears "no human love had been able to force from his aged, unsatisfied heart." There is a brilliant study of Michelangelo, which however does not leave out the cries of his heart for God. About St. Francis, Papini writes fearlessly, and with the utmost contempt for "the life of the Poverello d'Assisi carefully shorn of the supernatural element, so offensive to the fastidious nostrils of modern men." Jacopone da Todi is shown as a genuine captive of the grace of God. So too Ignatius of Loyola; and those three half known artists—Giovanni Fattori, Oscar Ghiglia and Romano Romanelli. What interests Papini in Joseph de Maistre is his "integral" Catholicism. So too with Domenico Giulioti, the almost ultra-Catholic who before his conversion was "something between the Carbonaro of '48, the poet of '80 and the anarchist of '95." The

longest study—it goes through sixty pages—is that on Manzoni; the strangest is that on "Caesar and Virgil." Maybe you will not agree with them, but they will make you think; they will make you look forward with some eagerness to that immense work on "Adam, or the Record of Mankind" on which Papini has been working for the last twenty years. Miss Alice Curtayne has done the work of translating well, save for the curious mistake of rendering *nipote* by nephew instead of by grandchild in three or four places where it has this latter meaning.

G. G. W.

Martin Luther, His Life and Work. By HARTMANN GRISAR, S.J. Adapted from the Second German Edition, by Frank J. Eble, M.A. Edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$5.00.

Hartmann Grisar is the author of a three-volume (German) life of Luther. The present book is the result of his "long-cherished desire of submitting a more compact description and a proper delineation of the life of Luther in a less voluminous work." In this English translation there is a serious error of statement, it reads:—"The Church has always taught that Christ is present whole and entire in, and consumed under, each form, and that the Sacrament is but 'partially' present under the form of bread." Page 150, lines 23-26. The printer or the translator evidently used the word "but" instead of "not." The Faithful who receive the Holy Eucharist only under the form of bread, certainly receive the Blessed Sacrament *totally*, not *partially*. This book taken in its entirety is at once the strongest possible defense and the most complete condemnation of Martin Luther and of his doctrines and practices. Charges of immorality, inebriety, conjugal infidelity are examined and proved false; and wherever charity permits, the credit of "good faith," at least the subjective "good faith" of an even erroneous conscience, is accorded him. No unfounded charge that redounds in the slightest way to the discredit of Luther or his actions is admitted against him. His condemnation comes from Luther's own authentic and undisputed writings and practices. This is fair and generous treatment. The style of writing is somewhat ponderous, its phrasing, often redundant and involved; its repetitions of statement frequently halting the natural progress of the narrative. The argument, however, is clear and cumulative. The book is a valuable contribution to historic truth. It is a lucid explanation of a once very puzzling subject.

M. J. S.

Toward Civilization. Edited by CHARLES A. BEARD. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.00.

This is a scholarly achievement, excellently edited, inspiring informative, intensely interesting. It is intended to be an accurate account of the accomplishments and repercussions of our modern machine age. The terrible indictment charged against the mechanization and standardization of the individual of today is ably presented by the editor in his words of introduction. The remarkable results that have unquestionably been attained are pleasingly presented in symposium by a group of scientists whose names entitle them to hearing and whose deeds merit for them recognition. The editor is not insensible of the problems that have resulted, and the scientists themselves are conscious of the difficulties that have arisen. Both assure us in hopeful vein that the problems are indeed solvable and the difficulties not perdurable, that the sources that have been responsible for their production are the very forces that will bring about their satisfactory solution. To put a living soul into the dead body of materialism is surely a consummation devoutly to be wished. This book may be considered as representative of the spirit of the age, a spirit that is the very antithesis of the spirit of Christ. The predominating idea in the minds of all these leaders in industrial science is the material advancement and prosperity of man, and the consequent elimination of all those factors that interfere with his leisure, his comfort, his pleasure, and his temporal happiness. Sacrifice and self-denial, we are told, have lost their importance and are applicable now only to the diminishing field of ignorance and failure. Pasteur and Edison would have been canonized if

they had lived in other days, because of their contributions to the material happiness of mankind. Now it is commendatory to delve into the treasure trove of nature and ferret out the secrets that have been placed there by the Creator. It is laudatory to apply the results of inventive genius to the amelioration of the burdens of mankind, and make this universe a bigger and a better place in which to live. But it can hardly be considered an advance when man forgets that God intended these things only as a means to a much more important end. Granting the realization of all this speculative idealization, granting the panacea for all human ills in the coming of the new industrial heaven on the future mechanized earth, the question of Ignatius to Xavier is still cogent and apposite.

J. A. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Traveltalk.—For many years E. M. Newman has entertained audiences by his illustrated travel lectures. Recently he has put some of them into book form, the sixth and latest of which series is "Seeing France" (Funk and Wagnalls. \$4.00). He omits Paris, but, in a very attractive way, fills for "armchair travelers," 418 pages with descriptions and views of places, side-lights, bits of folklore, and history of the rest of the country. More than 300 up-to-date pictures lend much additional interest to the story, and, of these, not the least in value are the evidences of the restorations of the sections devastated during the World War. It may be news to many that, in its present shape, the famous Strasbourg cathedral is only a "scientific and intelligent reproduction," and that "the world which views and admires it, is unaware of the fact that what we see today is almost a rebuilt structure." If it were not for this restoration, at government expense, which has been going on for many years, the whole fabric would now be a ruin.

Virginia's Awakening.—In Mr. Gewehr's account of "The Great Awakening in Virginia, 1740-1790" (Duke University Press. \$4.00), that started first amongst the Presbyterians, may be traced the beginnings of that course of events that led up to the abortive session of the Virginia General Assembly whose failure, in 1832, to adopt a constructive program clinched the grip of slavery on Virginia. For the geographical lines that more or less denote the spread of the spiritual awakening amongst the Protestant dissenters in Virginia, coincide largely with the geographical lines that divided the parties in the slavery agitation of the Tidewater and the mountains of which Dr. Theodore M. Whitfield gives the political history in "Slavery Agitation in Virginia, 1829-1832" (The Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.75).

Spiritually moribund as the Established Church of England was in Virginia at the opening of the eighteenth century, its privileged position was not altogether so monstrous as Mr. Gewehr might suppose. Although it was a Protestant Church, the Anglican Establishment in its working organization was based on a Catholic order which it had inherited from bygone Catholic days in England. This was the parochial system, with its properly defined limits within which, in theory at all events, every person was subject to the cure of souls of the parish priest. And it was this parochial order through which the unrestrained zeal of the revivalist preachers ruthlessly broke. Thus is accounted for the antagonism that came to exist between the Tidewater and the mountains—a class antagonism that was religious, social, and economic. For the planters were not only the landed gentry and slave owners, but they were mostly, too, staunch adherents of the Anglican Establishment. And this class feeling, already acutely accentuated in Colonial days as the great evangelical revival spread, did but set the stage for the bitter antagonisms that arose after the anti-slavery feeling in Virginia had reached its high tide in 1830. The majority of the evangelicals who had followed the spiritual awakening were opposed to slavery. They were also opposed to the Anglicans and, apparently, to the planters as class. So that when the acute question as between slave and free labor arose later on, the ground for disagreement had already been

prepared. Previous to the great awakening of education there was practically none, save for the wealthy classes. But as the revival spread, it was followed by preaching houses, training schools for the ministers, schools and colleges for the sons of poor men. Yet with all this it is difficult to believe, in the light of Dr. Whitfield's researches, that the agitation against slavery was entirely a matter of superior education. In 1831 there were thirty-four anti-slavery societies in Virginia. Yet the freed slave was not contemplated as a free man in Virginia: the idea was to ship him off, either to the West Coast of Africa or to some other place outside the territories of the United States. So, with social, economic and religious prejudice existing on either side; with the question of taxation and representation agitating the landed Tidewater quite as acutely as the free-laboring West, Dr. Whitfield sees the General Assembly of Virginia close its session in 1832 having failed to adopt any constructive abolitionist program, thus, making more certain "her union with the States of the Confederacy and thus more terrible the tragedy of 1861."

For Young Readers.—Not many of us could answer offhand the question: Name the American soldier, who was Governor of his native State, twice President of a republic, and Senator of another State. The answer, of course, is "Sam Houston," and in "Sam Houston, Patriot" (Century. \$2.00) his life story is simply and ably told by Flora Warren Seymour. Although written for boys, this biography may profitably be read and thoroughly enjoyed by their elders.

He was a blue colt with white stockings—was "Tornado Boy" (Morrow. \$2.00) and his youthful cowboy owner, Jim McDougal, knew he would be a smart horse when he grew up. The growing up adventures of this handsome horse of the Old West are stirringly recorded by Thomas C. Hinkle. Especially vivid writing occurs in the description of Tornado Boy's fight with the stallion. This is a new "Black Beauty" type of book that will be welcomed by all lovers of horseflesh.

"The Bronze Bull" by Charles Crapevin (Christopher Publishing House. \$1.75) is the story of twin brothers whose ambitions and loves conflict. Profanity is used and written out in full. With this difference, this book is an ordinary dime novel, for which the publishers ask \$1.65 too much.

Devotional.—Based on the titles of St. Joseph as given in the Litany, "Why We Honor St. Joseph" (Pustet. \$1.25) contains some excellent thoughts on the Patron of the Universal Church. The Rev. Albert Power, S.J., who will be remembered as the author of "Our Lady's Titles," shows the same simplicity and unctious in this latest work. Father Power's reflections are wholesome and varied, with some timely applications to modern conditions. The book will be found suitable for meditation or spiritual reading, and priests will find in it material for sermons on the Saint.

Religious and others who have the salutary practice of frequent and daily Communion will find an excellent handbook in "Bread of Heaven" (Kenedy. \$2.50). It is a translation from the Italian of M. Maddalena Boncompagni Ludovisi, Religious of the Sacred Heart. The first part of the book contains beautiful and practical thoughts and prayers in preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion. The second part consists of brief liturgical thoughts for each Sunday and Feast Day of the year. The book concludes with a group of beautiful prayers to the Blessed Sacrament that have been written by the Saints.

Another splendid little book that should stimulate devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is "Eucharistic Whisperings," Vol. V (The Salvatorian Fathers. 65 cents). Written originally in Italian by Msgr. Guglielmo Reyna and translated into German by Miss Ottlie Boediker, they have been translated and adapted from the German edition by the Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. As the title indicates, the reflections in this work take the form of intimate and familiar conversations with Our Eucharistic Lord. This form makes them especially suitable for meditations during the daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

Woman Under Glass. The Conflict. The Backstage Mystery. The Back-to-Backs.

In "Woman Under Glass" (Harper. \$2.50) Virginia Hersch gives us what pretends to be "The Romance of St. Theresa de Avila." The book is described on the blurb as "an absorbing excursion into the far reaches of mystical experience; it is a transcription of an age of drama and pageantry; it is above all an intense spiritual document." It is in reality a medley of elusive but disgustingly indecent and libelous innuendoes, of shallow sophistications about sex, of appalling ignorance of sixteenth-century Spain, of ridiculous travesties of Catholic life. There is an utter misunderstanding of the nature of mystical experience, and nothing but the wildest imaginings in regard to the Jesuits. To make things worse the style is turgid with polymetric prose rhythms and artificial alliterations. When the genuine words of St. Theresa are quoted, as they often are, they stand out startlingly, like white flames in the midst of all this darkness, their simplicity, their vigor, their utter purity making the sophisticated sexuality, the whimpering and moaning of the rest of the book, look as lurid as demoniacal depravity. One has as much right to say of Mrs. Hersch what she, libelously, makes St. Francis Borgia say of St. Theresa: "She cannot rest, but moves incessantly from one object to another, like butterflies at night, importunate, unquiet, who come and go and never stop. I know of no remedy unless it be to pay no more attention to her than to an idiot, but let her go her way until God takes pity on her."

With a vivid Anglo-Saxon atmosphere, characterizations frequently well achieved, and appropriate sentence structure with a jagged rhythm like Saxon brandmen on the march, E. E. Kellett's "The Conflict" (Richard Smith. \$3.00) nevertheless misrepresents the monastic life as a kind of socially noxious misanthropy. There is the implication that the Church disparages marriage and the secular life. Seventh-century Anglo-Saxon Catholicism is portrayed as superstitious and insincere, with a conventual system largely degenerate. The heathen cult of Thor is sometimes described more sympathetically than Christianity. Despite an evident effort at fairness, the author is sadly unhistorical in interpreting St. Wilfrid. The insinuation is that the holy bishop, in his contest with the king, was motivated not infrequently by pride and ambition.

If Octavus Roy Cohen had never created "Florian Slappey" and his colored friends, one would probably be quite content with his detective stories. But having read and chuckled over his colored classics, one wonders why Mr. Cohen has decided to become just another mystery-story writer. For "The Backstage Mystery" (Appleton. \$2.00) is just another detective story, neither better nor worse than most of them. Half a dozen people hated Wylie Thorton heartily enough to murder him if the opportunity were given. When he is murdered in his dressing room before the start of the performance, all of the six are found to have had the opportunity. From then on, the story relates the efforts of the police to find the actual murderer. Mr. Cohen hides the secret very well and it is not until the end of the book that he lets it out. Fat, good-natured Jim Hanvey, the easy-going sleuth, is the best-portrayed character in the story. Even the crooks in the tale like him.

Mr. Grant's is a new voice, swelling the at-present raucous chorus of protest against the "tyranny of ugliness," wielded by modern industrialism. With the vivid, shocking power that one can get by a complete lack of reticence, he tells the story of the mining town of Hagger, its wretched people in their parallel lines of hovels "back to back," its god, more merciless than Moloch, "the pit." As pictured in "The Back-to-Backs" (Cape and Smith. \$2.00), the town is hell on earth—no silence, no rest, no hope, no beauty, no God, nothing but the pit, and its dehumanizing toil. In such an atmosphere, no depth of brutality, violence, lust and blasphemy is incredible. And we have them all, page after page. The whole thing is sheer, unrelieved horror. Nor does the undoubted power of the picture, the real brilliance of the language, the strong-lined characterization of Geordie and his degenerate family, make the book artistic. It may be life, but it is certainly not literature.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

"They Have Braved All Dangers"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the editorial section of the New York Times for October 15, there appeared an article entitled "They Have Braved All Dangers," a tribute to the two priests who died in the plane crash at Kotzebue, Alaska, in the mission fields.

To my manner of thinking, an incident such as this does an untold amount of good in reminding the people that the Catholic Church is as actively engaged in missionary activities as she was in the times of our recently canonized Saints of North America. To quote the article:

It is a striking reminder to a hurrying world that there still labor in the waste places of the earth devoted men bringing spiritual consolation, and indifferent to the hazards incident to their toil. . . . As Father Marquette was undaunted by the prospect of threading rushing torrents in flimsy canoes, so these Alaskan priests gave no thought to the new perils and willingly offered their lives to their high-minded service.

Missionary magazines and periodicals are doing invaluable service in making known the indefatigable labors of the missionaries. However, an incident of this nature (sad as it may be from a natural viewpoint) impresses our minds more vividly with the fact that in the Catholic Church today we have other martyrs of North America, other Marquettes, real Christ-like men, undaunted by perils and the prospect of death for love of Jesus Crucified.

Baltimore.

J. F.

Reflections on Pittsburgh's Eucharistic Day

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With Eucharistic congresses, national and international, since 1881, to a priest of the Pittsburgh diocese was given the inspiration which developed into the first regional congress, or "Eucharistic Day," and drew the attention and roused the spark of faith in the people of all creeds in southwestern Pennsylvania. On the night of October 12, 1930, at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, 100,000 men, lighted candles in hand, sank upon their knees before the Sacred Host, enshrined in the gold monstrance in the hands of their chief shepherd, the Right Reverend Bishop Boyle, and uttered with faith from the heart, "O Jesus, O Beautiful Sun."

Ceremony is a language, and the most expressive of languages. In all ages the language of action has entered into the religion of man. Whoever would reject ceremony must not only stand still and refuse to speak, but, to be consistent, must even refuse the features expression and the lips their movement. It is absurd to reject a principle without the use of which you cannot even express that which you would reject.

The Pittsburgh event was carried out on the plan of the great international event at Chicago four years ago. Holy Communion and a plenary indulgence, granted by the Holy Father, for 600,000 men, women and children in their respective churches began the day. At the evening ceremony lack of space necessitated restricting it to men, and boys over fifteen.

Forbes Field seats 40,000, but 60,000 candles were ordered, and the time was set for seven o'clock. At six-thirty standing room was being exhausted, and candles were being broken and shared. The program, entirely religious, consumed one hour and forty-five minutes. From the opening of the gates to the closing, the affair moved with smoothness and precision. Twenty-six laymen, as chairmen of as many committees of one hundred each, worked under a general chairman to accomplish the most impressive event, religious or otherwise, that Pittsburgh has ever seen.

There was a committee for every detail, and every detail—but one—was managed by men. This one committee was managed by women, who worked in obscurity and upon their knees. Mary Immaculate was chairman of the women's committee on weather.

Where work is well done you may find a woman in the background (and by the same token she works best in the background). Mary Immaculate and her committee did their work. Not even a topcoat was needed for comfort.

Not the least of details was a name for the event, a name to provoke thought from uncounted thousands of investigating minds reached by the secular press in a first-class city. "Eucharistic Day" it was, and will be henceforth.

It is no easy task to conduct a host of souls, having each his own springs of action within him, by one compass to one end in life. The pilot of a ship of souls must steer the vessel along an invisible track over many waves. He must watch the compass, note the signs in the clear as well as the clouded sky. He considers the times and the season, shapes the trim of the ship to varying winds; consents with patience to delay when the elements are adverse, advances when conditions favor his course. He keeps in sight the port to be reached, the safe landing of his spiritual freight. So it is with one who has to guide and advance a religious society, which is in character so manifold, in temperament so various. Multiply the members by their changeable inclinations, and reflect what it is to draw these inclinations into one spirit of duty, this duty into love, and this love unto God; and so shall you estimate how great is the task of assembling a vast concourse of souls for an act of religious worship.

Amidst the clamor for universal education and progress, men do not realize to themselves what they seldom, if ever, think of, that all things are for the soul and the soul for God. There is a sort of easy-going virtue, low in faith and easy in life, that is always weighing duty and running close to the line of danger, making life a compromise between God and the world. Eternity in its realities has never been fashionable. Yet nothing in this world is so marvelous as the transformation the soul undergoes when the light of faith descends upon the light of reason.

The reason, then, for the Pittsburgh event was two-fold: to make the Son of God better known, better loved and better served by those of the household of the Faith, and to make the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharistic Presence clear to every mind outside the Fold, that knows that two and two make four. One hundred thousand men under their Spiritual Director have done this in one corner of the globe and a chapter has gone into history with the far cry, "Not to us, O Lord, but to Thy Name give glory."

Pittsburgh.

MICHAEL IRELAND.

Marriage Annulments

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following statistics taken from an article by P. Yves de la Brière, "*La Curie romaine et les causes de Nullité de mariage*" in a recent number of the *Paris Etudes* may be of interest to the readers of AMERICA, since they deal with the cases taken before the Roman Rota in regard to nullity of marriages in the year 1929:

	Cases Submitted	Decree Granted	Decree Refused
Reasons Alleged:			
Clandestinity	6	1	5
Undue Constraint, Violence or Fear	29	12	17
Lack of proper consent..	20	4	16
Other causes	3	3	0
Total	58	20	38

In view of the charge often made that the obtaining of a decree of nullity depends on the amount of money the parties have to spend, the following figures are illuminating. Canon Law specifically states that if the parties have not the means to try the case, it is to be tried free of charge; and in pursuance of this provision of Canon Law, a lawyer is appointed to handle such cases. Of the 58 cases tried in 1929, 30 had paid lawyers, and 28 had designated lawyers whose services cost them nothing. In the 30 paid cases, where the parties could afford to hire an advocate 8 were declared null and 22 refused such a declaration. In 28 cases where the parties could not afford an advocate and one was furnished to them, 12 received the decree of nullity and

16 were refused that decree. Far from the rich having an advantage because of their money, it would almost appear as though the poor had the better chance, if one could use the terms advantage or chance in speaking of a court whose decisions are so manifestly unbiased.

Boston.

MARTIN P. HARNEY, S.J.

"A Secretary Errs Again"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After reading the editorial, "A Secretary Errs Again," in the issue of AMERICA for October 25, I still wonder—did he err, or was it Mr. Hoover himself who erred?

In an article on the English Reformation and its results, written by Mr. Hoover, and published in the *Boston Transcript* just previous to his election, there is the same queer mental twist on facts of history.

Notwithstanding the fact that a religious hierarchy exists in England to the present day, and is a part of the very framework of the British Government; and that history teaches that the doctrine of "Divine Right of Kings" was a Protestant doctrine, and did not become a law of the realm until a century after England's rejection of the authority of Rome, Mr. Hoover, in the *Transcript* article, has this to say: The Reformation rejected and overthrew all religious hierarchies, and repudiated and did away with the doctrine of "Divine Right of Kings."

If Mr. Hoover was not the writer of this later message, whoever did write it was an accurate interpreter of Mr. Hoover's mind.

Newton Center, Mass.

EDWARD L. COVENEY.

First Catholic School in America

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A contributor to the readers' column in the issue of AMERICA for October 18 stated that Old Bohemia, near Warwick, Md., "was the site of the first Catholic school in America." While I do not seek to dispute the authenticity of this claim as far as the United States of America are concerned, still historical data is readily available to show the error of this assertion. Quebec had several schools in operation under Catholic auspices long before the date mentioned by the Rev. John H. Walsh. But, perhaps Father Walsh is all too inclusive in his personal definition of the term *America*, therefore confining himself merely to the United States of America, a rather too common and nationalistic error which affects those residents north of Mexico and South of the Dominion of Canada.

Montreal.

W. A. L. S.

For the Sake of Discussion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The stage and books are the mirror of life, reflecting the mores of the people, which are distressingly low.

One can have no quarrel with the endeavor to purify the theater and literature, provided it does not throttle the discussion and presentation of the very evils which one aims to eradicate.

Before we can amend wrong-doing, we must be conscious and fully aware of its existence; yes, I may say, intimately acquainted with it. To be Fabian is no great fault save that it tends to defeat the object. The Sumner prosecutions are marked by false assumptions. The logic halts. Not only do they fail, but the public draws the inference that the suppressors are a lot of sillies.

Why not use the good offices of the Church and employ religion, which is a philosophy besides being the instrument of Divine Force, to transform vile tastes into clean mind, and transmute vicious sensuality into a clean spirit? With evil tendencies encompassing us, with everywhere the ugly hand of avarice, greed, guile and some of the nigh insuperable trends of parasitism threatening in sight, is it not meet that we should learn to understand sympathetically those deep human urges—the will-to-live and the will-to-be-free—to the end that we may overcome those things which make for our soul's undoing?

New York.

HILTON B. SONNEBORN.